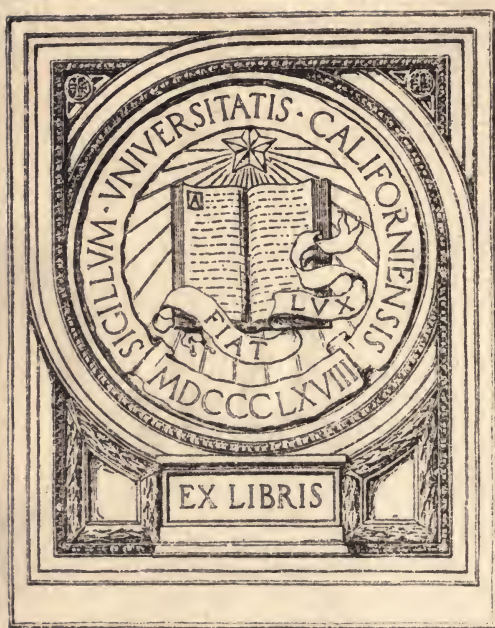
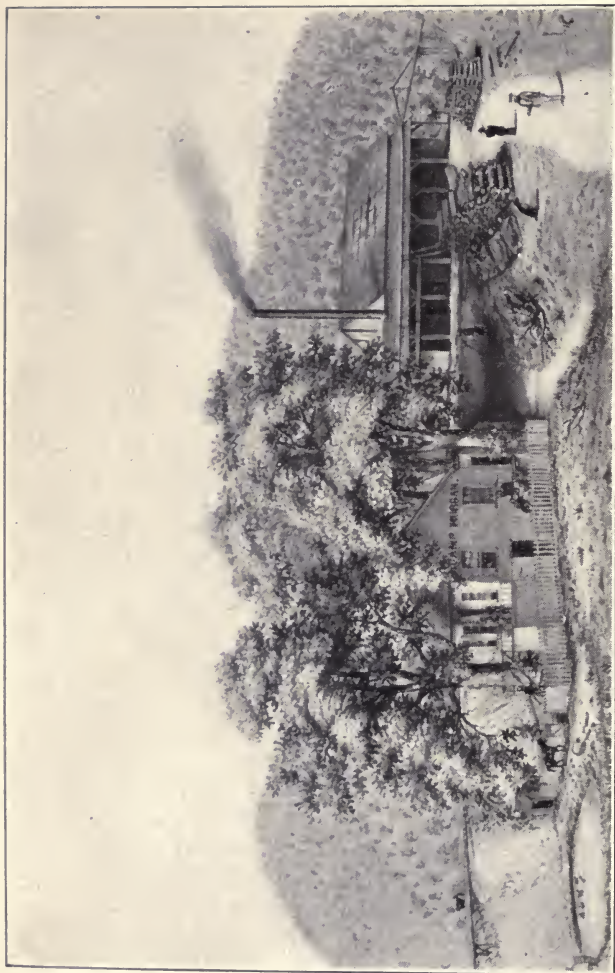


Sequel to
Experiences
of a Boy



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SEQUEL
TO
EXPERIENCES OF A BOY

By His Father's Son

BAKER PRINTING Co.
NEWARK, N. J.
1911

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4377

U. C.
ACADEMY OF
PACIFIC COAST
HISTORY

These reminiscences are affectionately dedicated
to his grandchildren

BY THE AUTHOR

SEQUEL

TO

Experiences of a Boy

CHAPTER I.

The narrative of the Experiences of a Boy closed with the words, "His life thereafter was the usual humdrum one that obtains on shore." That was intended; but many events happened afterwards that it seemed advisable to record and in the following pages those happenings will be brought to the attention of those who may care to delve through this book.

The landing of our friend in San Francisco was just before the end of the early period and before the city took on its cosmopolitan character, which occurred about the year 1882. At this time 'Frisco, as it was familiarly called, was a city of some importance, having about 160,000 people, 60,000 of these being Chinamen. A strange city, a distinctive city, with characteristics that made it a lovable city to those who were proud to call themselves Californians. Life was lived in a free and easy manner that was abhorrent to a few strait-laced individ-

uals who may have struggled in from the Far East; but to the vast majority of strangers, the local color proved fascinating.

Californians were so imbued with the glorious conditions that they were loud in their praises of their city, their country, and their climate. Their city was bound to rival New York in size; their country had the richest soil in the world and the weather conditions were superb; they had the prettiest women and the healthiest children; in fact, nothing could be uttered by a true Californian too flattering for this earthly paradise. The remark was often made that you had only to tickle the earth with a hoe to raise anything that would grow elsewhere in the Tropic or Temperate Zones. The mines were rich in all the precious metals, and silver and gold being so accessible, why should they use paper money? They did not, and when a tenderfoot would try to pass a bill, good everywhere else in the United States, he would be surprised at the indifferent manner with which it was refused.

Their mountains were many and high. Their plains were level, wide and long, extending far beyond the power of vision. A gentleman from Vermont, in answer to a naturally warm description by a native while passing over one of these valleys, level as a barn floor, stated:

"By gad! If I owned ten acres of it, I would build a hill on it."

That remark proved that the tenderfoot did not thoroughly appreciate the grand possibilities of this glorious country.

On landing, our friend took up quarters in the What Cheer House, a popular resort of the period. He had a fair amount in gold coin. Instead of depositing it with the clerk of the hotel, he rolled his waistcoat around it and placed the same under his pillow when retiring. Awakening out of sound slumber by his head moving, he noticed the garment one quarter exposed, and giving a loud yell, sprang out of bed and followed a fleeing figure down the hall. The rascal escaped. Returning to the room which contained two beds, his fellow lodger was told the cause of the outcry.

"All nonsense," was the reply; "you have only had a nightmare."

Our friend knew otherwise, as he distinctly saw the fleeing figure. In contrast, the following event will prove that there was a difference between the city and country:

A few days afterwards our friend got acquainted with an old Californian who suggested that they go up in the mountains to look up the possibilities of engaging in a speculation. They started in a stage coach and rode quite a distance, then proceeded on horseback until the edge of dark. After getting a feed in a wayside shack, they started to hoof it farther up the mountains to their destination. Ar-

living at a so-called hotel, built of rough boards, they entered a barroom filled with miners in red shirts, with pantaloons stuffed in their cowhide boots, each with a revolver stuck in his belt. These men did not look like a Christian assemblage.

The Californian went up to the barkeeper proprietor and told him that a room was wanted in which to turn in for the night.

The barkeeper stated: "That is all right. Go upstairs and take the first room to the right."

The strangers arrived in the room, which contained two beds and a small pine table. Our friend tried to shut the door, but the lock was broken and the door would not stay shut. He then took hold of the table and began to tote it to the door.

The Californian shouted, "What are you doing?"

The reply came, "I am taking this table to hold the door shut. We both have some money and there is a terribly rough crowd below."

The Californian fired back, "Leave the door open, it is a hot night and we want all the air we can get. If anybody was robbed here, there is not a man below that would not hunt these hills for days, if necessary, to catch the rascal and hang him."

Nobody locked doors in the country at that time in California. All the miners would leave their shacks unfastened when they were absent. If a poor fellow came along hungry, he was welcome to take enough bacon, beans, etc., to satisfy his hun-

ger, knowing that no other property would be touched. Robbery was tabooed for it meant quick death. Chinamen and Mexicans were occasionally caught robbing sluice boxes and other property, but the result did not require the attention of any priest or preacher, only occasionally the man with a spade to make a hole in the ground.

California was then peopled by strong, virile men with manly characters, for only that class would have the energy to travel across the continent by ox-team, by the Isthmus, or around the Horn. They became rough men; but their hearts were in the right place. If a man wanted to commit suicide all he had to do was to call another man a liar; but a man could travel amongst such men for moons, giving no offence, as safely as he could in any other place on the earth.

If California could have remained for several generations in its then isolated condition, it would have produced a race of men that the world would have been proud of; but its accessibility became easy when the railroad was built over the mountains, and then the lame, halt, and other unsuitables flooded in, changing the true, sterling, masculine methods of its population. No wonder Californians were previously proud of their habitat and their fellow citizens. They have no reason to be so proud of their state now.

Shortly after arriving in California, our friend

attired himself in his glad clothes and went to visit a relative by marriage. Finding the house, he rang the bell, which was answered by a Chinaman, who, being asked if the lady was in, shut and locked the door. It was raining and there was no covering over the porch. To be treated so uncivilly was exasperating. When the Chinaman returned and opened the door our friend's foot was placed so that the heathen could not shut it again while he asked for a card. The stranger pushed the servant one side, entered the hall and sang out the name of the lady who appeared almost immediately looking over the banister. On being informed of her visitor's name, she gave a glad welcome and the visit proved a happy one. The lady was chided for the incivility of her servant, but she answered that green Chinamen could only be procured, and that they performed all the service in the households. She could not teach them the difference between a gentleman and the tramps, beggars, etc., that caused her so much trouble.

These Chinamen overran all the employments. All the whites would say when offered any humble class of labor: "That is Chinamen's work. It is beneath me to accept." Labor was thus degraded. Therefore all the white boys and girls grew up condemning employment and formed the hoodlum class so notorious in San Francisco. This hoodlum class was recruited from all grades of people. It in-

cluded the children from the highest to the lowest. They wore a distinctive class of clothes. While some were criminals, the most of them were decent except for their dislike to any form of labor. The introduction of an alien race always produces this result and should receive the condemnation of all true patriotic Americans.

CHAPTER II.

It was the intention of our friend to spend a few weeks in 'Frisco, then ship around the Horn for home; but circumstances shaped themselves so that he did not return until the lapse of twenty years from the time of joining the whale ship.

While roaming around the city, he noticed the sign of a printing office. Guided by curiosity to see how the familiar work was performed on the gold coast, he mounted the stairs and looked around. He came to a young man making ready a large wood engraving on a press. It was the outside cover title of a monthly printed in the establishment. The block was old, warped, and cracked down the centre. The operation was watched and it was soon noticed that no proper knowledge of the

work was shown. The young man got the job ready, showing all the imperfections of the cut. Our friend butted in. It was against his grain to see such faulty work. The man was told that his process was imperfect, and almost by force the stranger was allowed to tear off the tympan, take off the two soft rubber blankets, replacing them with a hard blanket, place on a fresh tympan, and then some cardboard was called for on which impressions were taken from which parts were cut out, pasted on the back of the cut as underlays, and then a print was made. The young man was told to show the proprietor the print for his O. K. The proprietor was astonished. He asked where the new cut came from, and when told it was the old cut, his curiosity caused him to come to the press. Observing the stranger with sleeves rolled up, he found out the culprit who was urged to immediately join the force. Our friend replied that he was only a visitor, expecting to ship for the East in a few days; but after considerable pressure, the coat was hung up and the Eastern trip was delayed for many moons, so long, in fact, that our friend became a Californian.

The first earthquake was noticed in this office. Our friend was working at the case when he felt a movement of everything. He noticed that all were running for the door, one man with one boot on and the other carried in his hand. The idea

entered his head that a very heavy team was passing, causing the shaking of the building; but as he was left alone he concluded to follow the others. The floor seemed to move up to his feet, wave like, so the latter part of his exit was more rapid than the first part. Tumbling down the stairs and seeing all the people in the centre of the street, it was comprehended that the movement was in the earth. The experience was novel, and ever afterwards the faintest evidence of tremor would be recognized. There was little damage done. Some walls, chimneys and partially constructed buildings fell down. The only one injured so far as learned, was an employee of the office who happened to pass a building at the time of the shock from which he received a brick on his head that caused severe injury. The papers reported that the earth had opened a chasm back in Alameda. Our friend hired a horse the next day and rode over the country where the crack was reported. He found it was only a false newspaper story.

San Francisco was built up from North Beach. The city had turned around completely when our friend arrived and was growing up Market street. A Mr. Meiggs had come to California in early days and began to speculate heavily. He built Meiggs' Wharf, thinking that would remain the centre and it did for a time; but soon business left and it became dilapidated. Mr. Meiggs became

involved and, to escape his creditors left by night. Arriving in Chile he began to build for the Chilean Government those astounding railways up the mountains, which at that time were considered the most difficult railroad engineering in the world. He made himself extremely wealthy and paid his San Francisco creditors principal and interest of his old debts. The carpenter, or "Chips" as he was called on board the whaleship, where he was shipmates with our friend, got employment with Meiggs as principal bridge builder and he also became quite wealthy. He was a splendid character, fully deserving of all the success he met with.

Our friend met another shipmate who, when he came aboard the old whaleship at New Bedford, evidently had consumption. He was not of much use for months. He got seasick and remained in that condition off and on until the vessel got to the Islands. He then began to improve and became quite a man. After the voyage he became mate of a clipper that sailed to China. When he was men in 'Frisco he showed up a hearty, strong, athletic fellow, the owner of a good paying livery stable in San José. He was a living example of the necessity of active life and compulsory work in the open air, for those who are tainted with tuberculosis. To send such people up to the mountains where they remain wrapped in blankets and depend upon dieting for cure, is not the proper method.

They need energizing through proper work in the open according to their strength so that their general condition will be built up, allowing a successful battle to be fought against the bacilli of the white plague.

A young country boy came to the office to learn the printing trade. He was extremely diffident. He stuttered and was endowed with none of the points that could be classed with manly beauty; but he had a determination that was bound to succeed. Rapidly picking up the technic of the profession, he soon developed into a full-fledged printer. Afterwards he started a job office in company with another. Just about that time he became acquainted with a young lady who proved irresistible. The usual events followed one another rapidly and he asked the old man, who was a judge, for the privilege of taking his daughter in marriage. The old man was furious. For her to marry a printer would be exasperating. He would only allow her to marry a lawyer and so informed the impudent young man. The obstacle was immense but the swain determined to become a lawyer and so informed the lady. He commenced with spirit and determination to wade through the dry works in which the spirit of the law lies entombed. His progress was rapid and sure, causing him to pass his examinations with honor. Afterwards a judgeship was the reward. The old man could not refuse

his consent when the lawyer's wreath descended on the head of the young man and a happy marriage followed. The printer's case lost a fellow who became a hunter for cases of another character. This was an example of grit and determination that is always followed by success. His friends collected a fund with which a lawyer's library was purchased and presented to the new limb of the law.

CHAPTER III.

Although the experiences thus far in 'Frisco had been pleasant, the hankering for the sea possessed our friend. The thought of sailing again was hardly ever out of his thoughts. The confinement of the office became extremely distasteful and one day he told the proprietor that he was going to ship again. The boss used every argument possible to prevent the rash act; but they had no effect and he found a ship going out to the northern part of California for a load of lumber. When she left port our friend was on board again as a full-fledged sailor. The salt sea air felt so good that it exhilarated him. The irksome restraints of civilized society avoided, and all his physical wants provided for by the ship without any thought necessary, combined to make the situation enticing.

The bark made a moderately quick passage to the port of destination and proceeded to load with sawn lumber that came directly down, by a chute, from the saws. The boards were from redwood logs and varied in density immensely. Often a plank would come down so quickly as to cause it to go over the vessel into the water. Some of them would sink in the water like lead, and others would float as though they were of cork.

Eventually the bark was loaded. The hold was full and the deck load extended ten or twelve feet high, forcing the deck even with the water. There was only a zephyr of wind blowing when the vessel was detached from the buoy, not enough to produce steerageway, and she drifted directly down on the rocks to leeward. The captain, according to nautical phrase, had come through a porthole, that is, he was never a sailor; but had become a Captain through the force of ownership. The old man became half crazy, jumping up and down on deck, hollering out that he was ruined—that all his money was invested in the ship and she was lost. The mate, muttering something about an old fool, ordered a boat lowered with a kedge anchor which was carried out to windward, then manning the capstan, the vessel was drawn off the rocks. The kedging, however, was kept up for hours. The Captain would not allow it to stop until the vessel was almost out of sight of land.

A high wind sprang up that made a rough sea. It was necessary to get the anchor, hanging from the hawser hole, inboard on to the rail. When the command was given to hook on the tackle to the anchor for the purpose of bousing it up, our friend was standing where he naturally received the order. It was a tough job as the vessel was plunging her head into the heavy seas. A line was made fast aft; led over all, that is outside the rigging, to the bow, then fastened around his body. He then watched his chance to jump down on the anchor stock. At last, after a heavy surge of the ship into the water, he concluded it was time; but just as he was hooking on the block, the vessel gave a terrific plunge, carrying him deep down in the green water, a journey that seemed would never end until Davy Jones' locker was reached. The tackle was properly attached and our friend was swept around the ship to the stern, where he was hauled up nearly dead. The officer should have eased off the vessel before condemning any man to perform such dangerous work. It was a little tougher than picking type from a case; but that class of work was elected and no complaint was in order.

The ship continued her journey until she reached her destination, San Pedro, one evening, where she anchored off Dead Man's Island. The next day was the Fourth of July, and, therefore, unloading could not be commenced. Early in the morning our

friend, with a companion, got permission from the captain to take the ship's boat ashore where the Fourth of July celebration could be observed. With strict orders to be back by nightfall, the boat was lowered and the two started off gaily for a holiday. Thoughtlessly they did not observe that a strong wind had sprung up which was getting fresher all the time. The men pulled for the lea of Dead Man's Island, but their strength was not sufficient for the heavy boat against such a wind, therefore she drifted outside the view of those on the ship, because the island interfered, toward some nasty breakers. When the ship's crew saw the boat drifting out of sight around the island and onto the breakers, they gave up the boys as lost, for they thought that two men could not manage the craft safely through such heavy water. The boys saw a buoy about fifteen feet ahead of them and pulled with all their might for three hours to fasten. The nearest they came to it in all that time was about six feet, being held back by the fierce wind. Becoming exhausted, the boat drifted into the breakers. They know not how they got through. It was a whirl and a dash. The boys were thrown down on the bottom, the seas breaking both oars. The breakers had raised a bar, over which smooth water was found. Into this smooth water the boat was sculled by means of a spare oar fortunately found, and up the lagoon to the village where the

Fourth of July racket was going on. Anvils were used to make it; the hole in one was filled with powder, then another was placed on top. The fuse being lighted, the top one would fly off, making a report cannon like, that was pleasing to the patriotic Americans standing around.

Long after nightfall the boys started back to the ship. The wind had died down and all that entered their minds was how to get aboard without alarming the officers, as they had long overstayed their liberty. They muffled the sculling oar and concluded to pull up the boat by the two hauling on one boat fall together, thus raising it gradually from the water. Quietly nearing the vessel, they were surprised to see all the officers and crew anxiously looking over the rail. Having supposed the boys were lost in the breakers, they slept lightly, and heard the almost soundless approach. Instead of being harshly received, their reception was hearty and pleasing, as though they were returning from the dead.

After discharging cargo, the vessel returned to San Francisco.

The next trip made was on a sloop to Gaviota, a place to the south of 'Frisco. It was pleasant sailing down the coast, and as the duties were light, enjoyment ruled. Land was in sight all the way, consisting of sand dunes and rocky formations usually found on the west coast. When passing

some high bluffs, hundreds of sheep were noticed on top. Suddenly the devil got into the head of the leading buck, causing him to leap down the steep precipice, followed by the entire drove. Such a fall of mutton is rarely observed. Of course they were dead when the rocks below were reached. The captain, who was a Swede, ordered the boat lowered, into which he jumped, and told the crew to pull for the shore, with the idea of getting a supply of fresh meat. The boat had reached within a few fathoms of land when the Captain sung out:

"Stop mit your pulling, and right away go back mit the sloop. I tink what you poys say when back to 'Frisco we got. Every one of you will tell how the captain went along the shore picking up dead sheep to feed the crew mit. Dat is so, by Gott."

So the crew had no fresh mutton. The captain had correctly diagnosed the natural outcome; but the boys had quite a pull before the old man's brains evolved the brilliant conclusion.

In due time the vessel arrived at Gaviota, and proceeded to load with asphaltum. There was quite a sea running, making it necessary to fasten a line from a kedge anchor outside of the breakers, to the shore. By this line the loaded boat was pulled through the rough water. As one load, partially manned by our friend, was passing, a heavy roller caused the man at the bow to loose

his hold and the boat swung around, held by the stern in an extremely dangerous position. Such a manœuvre would, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, have caused the swamping of the boat, and the probable loss of life of those in it; but luckily the danger was escaped. With no wharf to load from and only an open roadstead to act in, the loading of the ship was by no means a picnic. As all things, pleasant or unpleasant, have an end, so the sloop eventually sailed away. She had her hold full and a heavy deck load, which was too much for the heavy weather met with. At one time, when sailing under a free wind with boom well out, a heavy sea broached into the sail, forcing the craft on to her beam ends, and almost causing her to go bottom up. The deck load that had been so laboriously placed aboard, was swept away, causing the righting of the ship and undoubtedly saving the lives of those aboard.

The last three days, before sailing into the harbor to San Francisco, a heavy fog hung over the waters. No sun could be seen, and the only manner of knowing the position was by dead reckoning. The captain was noted on the coast for his sea scent. It was said that he could smell his way anywhere. The sloop had proceeded to a position supposedly near the entrance of the Golden Gate and then anchored, still encompassed by the dense fog. The captain and the mate entered into an

argument as to the location of the craft. The mate asserted that it was in such a place; the captain was positive the mate was wrong, and with a piece of chalk drew a line on deck between two lights and then another between two points of land. Where these lines bisected he declared the vessel lay. The fog lifted in about an hour and the position the captain had declared was found correct to a quarter of a mile, whereas the mate was forty miles out of the way.

Several events happened to make our friend suspicious that the captain intended to play some trick on the crew. He bemoaned the loss of his deck load and claimed there was no profit in the voyage. Therefore, when he told the men, after the vessel was fastened to the dock, to come down the next day for their money, our friend took occasion to privately inform the captain that he did not propose to leave before obtaining what was due him; that if he did not receive the amount by two o'clock in the afternoon, he would place a lien on the sloop. To have his vessel tied up by a lien was not to the liking of his nibs, and he promptly came down with the funds. Our friend was the only one that was paid, as the sloop left in the night for parts unknown to the unsophisticated sailors.

CHAPTER IV.

The next vessel honored by the presence of our friend was a bark that took on a cargo of general merchandise in 'Frisco and then sailed to the northward in California for a deck load of lumber. After getting this aboard she sailed to the south. She was an old hooker with rotten rigging, and otherwise conditioned far from the ideal of a thorough going sailor. She wallowed through the water like a tub, and made a wake like a serpent. She was built like the traditional ones, constructed up in Maine by the mile and sawed off to the lengths required by customers.

While sailing down the coast one dark night, with threatening weather approaching, orders were given to take in the gaff topsail and our friend was sent aloft to furl it. When he reached the sail he found that at some previous time the sheet had parted, and some dub had knotted it outside of the block, preventing the sail from being hauled close to the mast. The only thing to be done was quickly accomplished by our friend hauling out his sheath knife and cutting off the knot. The sheet was then properly rove through the block and bent on to the sail. It was intended to throw the short piece of line with knot overboard; but the vessel was pitching badly at the time and instead, it fell on deck, just before the second mate. That gentle-

man was in bad humor. He broke into ungente-
manly language. In fact, it was positively pro-
fane. He discoursed on what he would do to the
rascal when he got on deck for cutting the bark's
rigging. The programme laid out consisted in
knocking off the head and beating the body into a
state of jelly. Our friend thought that such a
reception on deck would be decidedly unpleasant,
so concluded

"To do what others would do to you; but do it fust"
therefore, going down the ratlings to the rail, he
sprang onto the second mate, still howling like a
bull. The sudden impact brought the fellow to the
deck with no gentle force, and gave every advantage
to the one on top. All the fury was knocked out
of the blackguard. He was converted to a Christ-
ian-like being, and disavowed all his previous in-
tentions. When he got into a contrite spirit he was
allowed to get up, with a feeling of respect for his
conqueror.

Sailing down near Santa Barbara channel our
friend was at the wheel. The thing he liked best
was to steer a ship that obeyed the helm; but this
tub acted like a led pig. She apparently did not
consider that the motion of the tiller should be
followed by a straight wake, therefore, she did not
make one; but nosed many points to the starboard
and port, satisfied that the general average would
bring her to the destination. While doing his best

at the wheel, the captain bellowed, "What are you doing? Are you trying grand circular sailing? Keep her straight."

After this outburst to relieve his pent up emotions, he whispered to the mate in what he thought was a low tone, but all the same it could be heard throughout the ship, "That man is the best helmsman that this hooker has ever had."

It was customary when a member of the crew washed his clothes to tow the bundle overboard aft, to rinse them. Our friend had his weekly wash on a line aft when passing through Santa Barbara channel. When they were hauled in they were found permeated with gurry to such an extent that they had become worthless and had to be thrown away. This streak of coal oil had been noticed on the surface of the channel waters for many years. The evidence of great wealth was disregarded. If our friend had had the knowledge afterwards obtained, he would have prospected for the source of supply and possibly might have become a second Rockefeller; but if he had, fate might have decreed that he would be in the land of the beyond, through the effects of high living. The sailors' grub did not produce obesity or gout; but did maintain a healthy body with a sound mind.

The vessel shortly reached San Pedro, the port of a previously related incident. Discharging her cargo, consisting mainly of soap, macaroni and

barley, she proceeded to Anaheim Landing where many casks of wine, brandy and sacks of grain were received. Anaheim Landing had no harbor. It was the practice to load Anaheim productions into scows or lighters at the landing dock, which was four miles from the sea, up a lagoon. Then the landing crew towed the lighter down the lagoon, thence over the breakers to a very heavy buoy, about a mile out in the sea. There the lighters were fastened to await the vessel, if not in, or proceed to unload if the vessel was waiting. One of the crew was inclined to be a bully and to be continually talking about his strength. This fellow had it in for our friend, because of being check-mated several times during the voyage for his arrogance. When it came time to load the grain into the vessel, the lighter's crew threw the bags up out of the hold to the lighter's deck; from thence two men of the ship's crew were to throw the bags up to the vessel's deck. Our friend jumped to the position of one of the men and the bully took the opposite side, saying at the same time that it took a strong man for the work at that point, claiming our friend would shortly have to be relieved. The heavy bags came up fast. They weighed nearly two hundred pounds apiece. The opposite fellow was slow witted and did not understand that he was working against brains, for our friend quickly grasped his end of the bag, giving it a twitch that

threw most of the weight to the bully. He was so obtuse as not to notice the trick, and inside of an hour had to give up, while our friend was fresh and lively as possible. The bully had little to say about his strength during the balance of the voyage.

Our friend talked considerably with the lighter's crew while unloading. They made much of the dangers incurred in going through the breakers, which fact enthused, instead of discouraged the recipient of the information, for at that time of his life he rather enjoyed employment where a little danger was encountered. He, therefore, determined to ship in the crew, as he was informed that they always wanted men because they would not stick and often gave up the job after one trip through the breakers. He had to go back to 'Frisco with the ship; but told the captain of the crew that he would come back on the next steamer after the vessel's return.

The bark made a comfortable return trip, and as the next day a steamer started for San Pedro, passage was taken on here for that point. The experience of being a passenger instead of roughing it was novel; but on the whole our friend did not thoroughly appreciate it. The continual jar caused by the machinery was not agreeable, it was so different from the steady, gliding motion of a ship; therefore, when the steamer arrived at San Pedro our friend was pleased.

It was necessary to walk overland to the Landing, a distance of five miles, at that time uninhabited except by droves of wild cattle. These beasts proved the undoing of the traveler. He had proceeded two or three miles, when warming up with the exercise, he threw the flap of a cloak which he wore over his shoulder, exposing the red lining, that intensely interested a bunch of steers. They pawed the ground and showed a disposition to become acquainted with the stranger. Not aware of the cause of the attraction, and the cattle becoming more and more hostile in action, our friend walked rapidly toward some boggy land to the right.

The cattle seemed to divine his intention to reach the morass where they could not follow, and began a stampede of attack. This necessitated quick action. A run for life followed. The unsafe land was attained just in time for some of the cattle had their heads lowered preparatory to impaling the fleeing lad only a few feet away. Wallowing sometimes up to his hips in the mucky mass, he reached a tuft of comparatively firm soil. The cattle mounted guard and kept the stranger a prisoner until morning. Shivering with cold and an empty stomach demanding food, caused a combination not desirable, and if he had the power, the slaughter of all the steers on the plains would have been immediately ordered with intense delight.

It was a forlorn lad that eventually arrived at the

Landing. His reception was a hearty welcome though, and soon in dry clothes, with plenty of food stowed away, he was fit for anything. The duties were quickly explained and he began an experience that was far from uneventful.

The Landing dock had been built five miles in from the sea because that was the first solid, firm land met with for the foundation. The buildings consisted of a large warehouse, a small one-story office building, and a large one-story shack with bunks down one side for the crew. A little back were two cottages. The surrounding country was barren of shrubbery, a vast alkaline plain extending many miles. The only rise of ground occurred close to the landing, making a steep descent to the warehouse. Cattle had to hunt for their food which occurred in tufts sometimes yards apart. The crew when not engaged in towing down the lighters to the buoy, or returning with them, were employed in the warehouse, also, with pick and shovel, in leveling off the hill referred to.

Anaheim, for which the Landing was built, consisted of a colony of Germans twenty miles back, near the San Bernardino mountains, and situated on the St. Gabriel river. It seems that some years before a band of Germans growing grapes, and winemakers on the Rhine, clubbed together and sent two of their number to California to search for the best location for grape growing. They

found the ideal spot on Don Pico's ranch and bought of him 2,000 acres at two dollars an acre, with continual water rights from the St. Gabriel river for irrigation. These two men remained, and dividing the property in ten and twenty acre lots, planted the vines and quick growing trees around the whole property. They tended to the vines, established irrigation ditches, and when grapes began to grow, the whole colony came on and took possession. That land that cost twenty dollars for ten acres, the holders, when our friend arrived at the Landing, held at \$10,000 a lot, and they would not sell at that price.

A few days after our friend arrived a lighter which had been loaded, was towed down to the buoy to meet a steamer from San Diego. It was a laborious operation. The scow was pulled by a line, the men hauling first on one side of the lagoon, then in the other as they found a suitable ground to walk over, the men being shifted from side to side by means of the boat. On arriving at the breakers they were found to be light, no wind or swell being in evidence. The load was quickly transferred to the steamer, and the empty lighter returned to the Landing by the same method as on the outgo. This sounds very easy; but imagine a five-mile walk, at a snail's pace, towing a big hulk of a barge through the water, then with a boat towing it, through the broken sea to a buoy; then

waiting two hours for the steamer to appear ; after that turning to and unloading into the vessel ; thence by slow towing again to the Landing. The men needed no cocktails to create an appetite for supper, which often occurred late at night, after which they lost no time spinning yarns ; but quickly stowed themselves away in their bunks.

This life, one would think, was monotonous ; but our friend did not find it so. It was a vigorous life and at many points had its humorous side. In the course of a comparatively short time our friend was the only man left out of the crew when he arrived, excepting, of course, the captain, a German, who had been on deck since the Landing was started. He was a good natured fellow, not overburdened with intelligence, and the only thing that bothered him was to lose a meal. That caused him, sometimes, even to growl. Being the most experienced man in the crew, our friend was often called upon to act as captain during the absence, for any cause, of the German. On one occasion, while in command, the lighter was pulled through the breakers without any trouble as they were not rough ; but while unloading on the steamer a stiff breeze sprang up and a heavy swell rolled in, creating a heavy surf. There were six lines of breakers to pass through.

It was the practice after passing one line to watch the motion of the water and note the best time to go

slow, or the best time to put all the force possible on the oars to prevent the seas falling on the boat. The point was to make the top of the green water break just aft of the boat. This day we had in the crew two green men just down from 'Frisco. They were old sailors but unacquainted with surf work. In the most dangerous position, when the green water was piling up aft high above the boat, and when it was necessary to pull with mighty force to keep ahead of the wall of water to prevent it falling on the boat, the two new men got into a panic. Losing control of themselves, they allowed their oars to remain in the water, causing them to be a drag instead of agents of propulsion. There was only one thing to do and it was done promptly. Our friend quickly drew in his steering oar, and jumping down on the two dazed men, brought them to the bottom of the boat in no gentle manner, causing the oars to be lifted. He then sprang back in time to prevent the boat from breaching to the comber.

If that immense breaker had reached and broken in the boat, it would have been swamped, undoubtedly causing the loss of all lives aboard. The two dazed, and by the action mentioned, bruised men, having got through the danger, felt of their bruises with resentment. Growling, they declared they would fight the one who had jumped on them. No insubordination could be allowed, so when the lighter was tied up, they were invited to carry out their

threats. This bluff usually worked. The men slouched away saying they would not go in the boat again for the world, and demanded their discharge. This they had a perfect right to, on demand, as when they shipped to 'Frisco an agreement was made that the company would pay their passage to the Landing, also their return passage at any time a discharge was requested. This favorable agreement had to be made to obtain men for this, considered to be, tough place. These men had cost their passage down, and after one day's false work, their return passage. This was by no means an exceptional case, but often occurred. The crew as a body was continually changing. The two men mentioned got their discharge with vouchers for their return passage and left that night. The last seen of them they were trudging over the plains toward San Pedro. As they had nothing red about them except their faces, undoubtedly they passed safely the watchful steers.

CHAPTER V.

One day the Landing clerk, a likable fellow, invited our friend to ride to Anaheim with him, as he had to go there on business. In due time it was announced that the team was ready and our friend got aboard. The clerk was already in and holding fast, well braced, to new lines that showed up grandly in the morning sun. It was then noticed that the vehicle looked strange. It was not of usual type; was built with two wheels. It was also noticed that a number of men were around, holding the two fine looking horses that seemed restive as though a long stay in the stable had made them anxious for a free run. The clerk sang out to the men to spring away, and then commenced a circus that our friend will never forget. The horses went to the right and to the left; they reared up and at times tried to turn in the shafts as though they wanted to get into the buggy. They tried the kicking act for a time; but the shafts were too long for their heels to wrench the vehicle. Our friend wanted to get out—he had lost all desire to go to Anaheim. He would have preferred to be at work in the warehouse; but the absurdity of leaving his seat was apparent. All that he could do was to hold tight. The clerk had all he could do with the lines wound around his hands, the animals almost pulling his arms off in their desire to be free; but he was

boss. He was in command and all the wild beasts could do to break loose was abortive. After the circus had kept up for a long time, the clerk had mastered the brutes and gradually they were going in the direction wanted. Before we got to Anaheim the animals had acknowledged their master and were traveling along like any pair of self-respecting carriage horses.

When the clerk had got the pair down to work and was at liberty to talk, he told our friend that the animals were lassoed on the plains from a bunch of wild critters early that morning; that the price of wild horses, if not selected, was five dollars. The buckayros would go into a bunch and lasso the first possible. His charge was five dollars, making the cost of the animals ten dollars each. But the clerk wanted a matched pair. In that case the price was ten dollars each and the buckayro's price was also ten dollars each. So the clerk had a pair of horses that could not be beat anywhere, for forty dollars. They were beauties and on the ride back, when their action could be calmly studied, they were declared to be perfect.

The people of Anaheim were found to be kind and hospitable. The entrance to the place was through a gate. The trees that had been planted surrounding the property had grown large and prevented entrance except through gates provided at every road approach. One old gentleman took our

friend into his cellar and gave him some wine from the first vintage in the colony. It was fine, like oil in consistency, and equal to the finest produced in Europe. The trouble with California wines is that they are not treated right. They are not held in the casks long enough to get properly aged, and thus get that bouquet that is prized by connoisseurs. Any wine fresh from the press, made in any part of the world, will have a rank flavor that is not pleasant; but it costs money to properly treat and age wine, and as long as the fresh wine can find a quick market, in that condition, it will be sold. Many a cask of California wine has been sold, represented to be the finest vintage of Europe, after the foreign purchaser has aged and bottled it properly. A large amount of brandy was made in Anaheim; but it was always shipped in the rank, fresh state.

One day while digging in the side of a hill a baby's shoe was found at the bottom, under forty feet of sedimentary and alluvial deposits. Apparently the find would prove that ages ago a child was toddling along when it unfortunately lost the shoe that became in time covered with the slowly formed deposits that would take aeons to accomplish. It is a question if the age of some of the archeologists' finds are not based on data as far from the truth, for when a gopher hole was mentioned the mystery was solved.

There were a number of greasers, or Mexicans,

employed at one time at the Landing on some improvements, and while our friend was in charge of the gang he had them take hold of a heavy timber, sharpened to a point at one end, and tote it down a slight decline. The movement was directed by holding on to the sharpened end, for the fellows did not understand English very well. All at once the crowd stumbled with a precision that would have done honor to a military company when ordered to ground arms. The timber fell forward and the point struck a watch in our friend's waistcoat pocket. It was a large watch and undoubtedly saved his life. If the point had struck his unprotected stomach the wound would have been fearful. The watch was smashed; but the lad lived to express his heartfelt wishes as to the future condition of the grinning greasers.

One time, just as day was turning into night, a six-horse truck laden with brandy, came down the declivity mentioned before, leading to the warehouse. The driver either did not put on his brakes, or for some reason they did not work, for the truck got to going beyond control and at a sharp turn in the road upset, throwing the casks of brandy down in a gulch, and as they reached the jutting rocks below, all were completely smashed, except one which stood on end, with only the top part torn off. There was a large amount of brandy ready for any service to which it could be put. The worst service

possible at that time was to place it in the stomachs of the men.

One of the men rushed to the warehouse for a big bucket. Divining his object, our friend tried to dissuade him from saving any of the rank stuff. All the arguments thought of were used; but the man, joined in by all the others, declared that the liquor was too good to be lost, therefore, a bucketfull was baled out of the cask. It was taken to the shack and placed in the middle of the floor. The boys turned in early, for the day's work had been severe. The first thing to do was for each man to take a tin dipper full of the decoction that is usually served in wine glasses. The men tumbled in their bunks; but the vile compound soon put in its work. Luckily no fighting disposition showed up. It was only a good natured, hilarious lot of men firmly resolved not to slumber, and to make all the noise possible. Nearly all had guns handy. One of the men at last declared that he could hit the only candle that stood on a shelf. The result was that in a jiffy all were hitting of some member of the crew, unintentioners, not one bull's eye. The way the bullets flew was a revelation of poor marksmanship. Some went through the roof; some through the sides of the building, and some through the floor; but still the candle burned merrily on. Our friend, fearing the hitting of some member of the crew, unintentionally, of course, and thinking that if they got more of

the stuff aboard they would quiet down into a drunken stupor, sang out,:

"You men do not know how to drink; come all hands and take another nip," at the same time getting out of his bunk and making for the bucket from which he pretended to take a drink. Several men made an endeavor to accept the invitation, but they were too drunk to get out of their bunks. Our friend seeing the condition, with assumed drunkenness, stumbled against the bucket, causing it to upset, and then knocked the light out. Meanwhile all the ammunition of the men had been used and gradually the universal yelling subsided, succeeded by the drunken snoring of some, while an occasional outcry from others continued until all had arrived in a state of drunken stupor. This experience was far from being jolly. Just imagine a sober man in with a crew of armed, drunken men, whom he was supposed to control, not knowing when some one or more would get into a fighting humor, producing destruction and possible loss of life. The only wonder is that his hair was its natural color in the morning. The men turned to the next day suffering from the night's debauch. There was a constraint in their manner and a quietness produced by the labor of carrying around their swelled heads, that would argue the auspicious moment for signing the pledge to refrain forever from indulging in the contents of the flowing bowl.

CHAPTER VI.

One day our friend concluded to go to San Pedro for a visit. He started out fresh, and had gone some distance when he concluded a horseback ride would be a novelty to enjoy without the commonplace tramping that was tiring; so he made a wide detour on the right to a lone ranch house. He inquired if he could get a horse for the journey. "Cert," said a man he met. "Sit on the piazza while I fetch one." After an ungodly long wait, the man came back and reported the animal ready on the other side of the house. Our friend followed around and found the horse with two men holding his head, with another one cinching the saddle up with all his force, having one foot on the ground and the other on the horse's belly. The animal seemed to object to this harsh treatment and the two men holding his head had all they could do to hold him. At last the horse made a supreme effort and tore away from his torturers, speeding like the wind as he disappeared in the distance. That horse was never seen again.

One of the *trapaderos*, or stirrups, was found six months afterwards when the dry season came on, causing the grass to wither, and exposing anything resting on the plains. The balance of the saddle never came to light. The fact was that the man had proceeded to a bunch of wild animals and

lassoed one for our friend to ride. He could not help thinking what the result would have been if he had got on the beast's back. His imagination pictured all kinds of woes, from fractured limbs to a broken head. The only certainty was that the seat would have been uneasy and the stay extremely short.

After a lively dissertation expressive of our friend's thoughts to the men he tramped on. The delay made it necessary to walk fast to get back by night. St. Gabriel River was reached, and he was about to ford it, the water being up to his knees, when he noticed a man on horseback about a mile below, frantically waving his arms, also speeding towards him. When the stranger got within talking distance he halloed "Do not go into the water there, the quicksands will swallow you up in a minute." Thanking the stranger for his warning and getting from him the location of a safe crossing, he proceeded on his way. Our friend found out afterwards that the place where he intended to cross contained the most dangerous quicksands in the country. A man, on horseback had lost his life there only a short time before. The bad record of the place had been known for many years. There should have been placed a sign notifying travelers of its danger, but the country was new, and life was cheap. This was another case where our friend's life was saved by almost a miracle.

The visit to San Diego was a short one, and he soon started back, late in the afternoon. When he reached St. Gabriel River on the return it was pitch dark. The sky was covered with dense clouds and he could hardly see one foot before him. He remembered that he had only taken off his shoes and rolled up his trousers in the morning, therefore, he proceeded to do the same now. Boldly walking into the water, he soon found it up to his hips, then being carried off his feet, he began swimming for dear life. The torrential rush of water carried him down stream and he just caught hold of the last bunch of bushes on the opposite shore quite a mile below the starting point. If he had not grasped these bushes he would have been swept out into the breakers, thereby losing the number of his mess. As it was, the only loss he met with was his shoes which he held in his hand when entering the stream. The cause of the torrential flow of waters that had changed a trickling stream in a few hours into the condition met with at night, was a heavy rain-storm in the mountains. A sore-footed fellow walked into the Landing late at night; but on the whole not so bedraggled as when he first tramped in, after being interviewed by the steers.

One day a lighter load had been towed down. The breakers were quite rough and required some engineering to get the load through. The steamer was waiting at the buoy so that the unloading was

proceeded with immediately. There was quite a cargo to transfer and it took a long time, but the work was finished at last and there was an empty lighter to take back to the Landing. The wind had been freshening up all the time until a fierce gale was blowing, creating lines of breakers that it would have been foolish to attempt to pass through. The only thing to do was to remain fastened to the buoy until the gale blew over. That might be in a few hours; but cases had happened when the lighter had been held for two days fastened to the buoy. Not a pleasant prospect, as no food could be procured until the Landing was reached. The wind became fiercer and fiercer. The empty barge pitched hither and thither in the turbulent waters, straining at the fastenings as if determined to break loose. There was used to attach the lighter to the buoy a three inch cable, also an inch and a quarter line.

Between one and two o'clock in the morning the three inch cable parted with a resounding smack, and the vessel then had to depend on the one and a quarter inch line. It was a forlorn hope that it would hold. If a three inch line parted, how could it be expected that the tiny one would hold! The boys gave up all hope and waited calmly until the small line should give way, when, owing to the direction the wind was blowing, the inevitable result would follow, that the lighter would be dashed upon the rocks to leeward, where it would be de-

stroyed immediately and all on board would be in Davy Jones' locker in a few minutes. There they waited for hours, their lives depending upon a thread, as it were. With resignation, and no bewailing of their probable extinction, they stuck it out. It was only in the line of their business. Dangers often met, lose their terrors. The miraculous happened. The small line held and towards morning a lessening of the storm was noticed. It continued to reduce in strength until at 10 o'clock only a light wind was blowing. The crew waited until the extremely dangerous surf had lowered, when they started for the Landing. They had pulled in their belts several times, but still there was a very empty feeling below them when they struck their next meal, about five o'clock in the afternoon.

Thus events followed one another, thick and thin; but it must be acknowledged that the thick came more often than the thin. It was considered the toughest place on the west coast and that was saying a good deal. Out of the many who had engaged to do the work, the longest stay of any one, outside of our friend, was less than one month. Our friend had been many months on the job, enjoying its rough life. At last the German captain wanted him to take his place for good, stating that he was getting old and wanted to retire to a more easy job, stating also that our friend had better control over the men and directed better than he could. But

no, he could not accept the exalted office because he intended to leave. He had talked long and often about sharking, a business followed every season by companies of men at the end of every lagoon along the coast. The successes of these men and their failures were dwelt upon. Their failures, as it often occurred, were attributed to non-attention to business through intemperance or laziness; but our friend found out that the failures sometimes occurred through selecting a lagoon into which the sharks refused to run that season. It was a legend among sharkers that if a dead shark, after being caught, should be allowed to get into the water again, the run would immediately stop, the fish going to another lagoon. The paraphernalia of the business was such that it was awkward to move into another lagoon miles off, in the season of the run, which was short, lasting only about six weeks.

CHAPTER VII.

Our friend picked up all the information possible concerning the sharks; found out what they wanted and what they disliked; got the data of what was required in the business, and determined to try his luck with the next run, that would occur in a short time. He found a company of two who had become disgusted with their non-success of the previous year and bought of them a flat-bottomed boat, a seine and a large trypot. The boat and seine immediately came into his possession; but the trypot was resting on the top of a high sand dune which seemed a secure place for it to rest until wanted. The future proved otherwise. An iron pot on a sand dune at least twenty-five feet above and a mile from water, would certainly seem to be as safe as though it was in a safe deposit vault; but shortly after the purchase a fierce, westerly gale came on and during the high spring tides, drove the waters of the sea far inland, flooding the plains for many miles around, causing the loss of thousands of cattle by drowning. Amongst the other losses caused was the washing away of the sand dune holding the trypot. It was sad, but could not be helped. After dredging the location of the sand dune for hours, it was given up for lost, to be found, perhaps, ages afterwards as a relic of a bygone people, too late, however, for the

sharking season. Therefore, an order went to San Francisco for another trypot, a lot of cask shooks to hold oil, coopering tools, shark hooks, etc. Our friend had located a place five miles away on a lagoon that had not been fished for years, and awaited the arrival of his freight and the opening of the season.

Everybody told him he must have a partner, that he could not possibly go it alone; that one man could not draw the seine, and that there was other work that required two. But no. The specimens of men from which he could have obtained a partner did not appeal to our friend. He determined to go it alone and the result proved the wisdom of his decision.

In due time the trypot arrived and was carted down to the lagoon. The shooks and other material did not arrive at the same time as was expected.

To prove to the doubters that the seine could be worked by one man, our friend started down from the Landing, one Sunday, to the place where he proposed to fish for his bait. The sharks when running in demanded strictly fresh bait caught every day. The place selected for this fishing was five miles from the Landing, and four miles from the lagoon located for shark fishing; therefore, this march of eight miles, to and back, had to be made every day for bait. When the lake, formed on one side of the lagoon was reached, our friend

fastened one end of the net to a large bush and with rapid strokes of the oars sent the boat in a circle out and back to the same bush. All the while the long seine was paying out aft from the boat. Then commenced the hauling in, which was done in a systematic manner. Soon there was evidence that something had happened. The pulling in became laborious and taxed the strength of the hauler; but when the catch was exposed on the shore, it proved phenomenal. No after hauling of the net was so successful. The fish were piled into the boat, leaving hardly room enough to pull it. When making the Landing our friend was met by some of the boys who had come to jeer, but when they saw the load of fish, they were hearty in praise. They concluded that one man with a boat, a long net, and a jolly determination to succeed, could accomplish wonders.

A comfortable hut was built out of drift logs and covered by canvas. A supply of flour, bacon, beans, rice, sugar and coffee was laid in. Everything was ready except the goods expected by steamer. Late in the afternoon, one day, when our friend happened to be at the Landing, they came to hand. How to get the shooks to the sharking station was a puzzle. There were no teams at the time to be had. The sharks had begun to run and there was no time to lose. What was the matter with wheeling some of them down on a wheelbarrow that could be

borrowed? The idea seemed to be good, therefore, the barrow was piled with shooks, tools, shark hooks and lines. Early in the evening, after sunset, saying good-by to the boys, the wheelbarrow was started with the roar of breakers on the right, a breeze blowing in the back, and stars showing in the front as guides.

The tramp was kept up at a lively pace on the hard ground, until becoming thoroughly warmed up and supposing that one-half the distance had been done, a rest was decided upon; but on stopping, the coolness of night, which in that climate always shows up, completely chilled our friend so that he had to get a gait on again. Meanwhile the breakers on the right could not be heard, the wind in the back was not noticed and the stars had been obliterated by a mist, so all the guides had when starting, were gone. Walking became tiresome. Thoughts of leaving the load and proceeding free occurred, but the necessity of having the goods forbade. At last a light was observed in the distance. Thinking it was the lantern hung up when leaving the hut in the morning, the speed was hastened with new spirits; but alas; it developed that the light proceeded from the Landing, the starting point early in the evening. The walk had been in a circle, as is usually the case when tramping at night, with no guide. The right foot swings a longer stride than the left.

To go into the quarters, waking up the boys and informing them of the mishap, was not to be considered. Their chaffing could not be stood; therefore, setting his teeth together with a determination to succeed, the start was made again for the hut. Trying to avoid any swinging around in a circle, the tramp, tramp was continued. It was long after midnight when the new departure was made, and the load was not light. It was tough; but the spirits were kept up by thinking of all the jolly things that had happened in the past, and the legs continued the pacing behind the Irishman's gig containing a donkey's burden, advancing it slowly until daylight, then horrors! it was apparent that the arrival was eight miles up the lagoon from the hut. The start had been made to reach the hut, and it had to be made. Late in the afternoon the hut was approached with lagging steps.

With no thought of preparing food, sadly needed, he dropped into the slumber which exhausted nature demanded. One day was lost in the recovering of our friend, so he must have slept all that night and all the next day. When he awoke an appetite developed that required an enormous amount of food to supply. So, building a good fire of buffalo chips, the pot was put on filled with water, and to be sure that he would have enough, a very large portion of rice was poured in. That was his first experience in boiling rice. He built another fire on

which to fry bacon. After he got this going, he looked to see how his rice was getting along. To say that he was surprised, only tells a portion of the truth. The rice had rolled up over the pot, concealing it completely, putting out the fire, and was rapidly covering the scenery. After bailing out ninety-nine one-hundredths of the rice, and building a good fire, a goodly feed of rice and bacon was enjoyed.

The fishing for sharks then began in earnest. They were running in lively. The kind of shark fished for was what is called "shovel-nosed." They were all females and averaged four or five feet long. Each shark contained a liver that made a gallon of oil. Hauling the shark over the low bank, when caught, hitting the fish over the nose with a club to quiet her, then ripping open the belly to get the liver, and slicing off the dorsal fin, was quick work. The oil was tried out in the pot and began to collect in goodly amount. The shooks were set up into casks (an art learned on the whale ship through helping the cooper), and the oil placed in them.

Time passed merrily in the distant place between fishing and the eight-mile tramp daily to and from the place where the net was drawn for fish to serve as live bait, also trying out, coopering casks, and cooking the simple meals. The sharks only ran in during certain stages of the tide, so there was

plenty of time to perform these various duties unmolested by any human being. Perfect joy in the daytime, and sound sleep in the hut at night, was the rule. Wealth was being produced rapidly, and as the season only lasted a short time, no loss of time was permitted.

One beautiful night, while asleep, the sound of horses' hoofs awakened the sleeper. Over the hard alkaline plain the sound reverberated loudly. Anxiously, he awaited the approach of the stranger, for no good reason could be evolved for any one to make that journey of five miles, in the dead of night, over those plains from the Landing except one of great importance. The stranger appeared and handed our friend a dead letter from Washington, a letter written nine months before to a brother in Boston. This brother had removed to another city, causing the non-delivery of the letter. The Dead Letter Office had traced our friend, and thus the arrival of the same late at night to the Landing. No one was awake except the night watchman, a good-natured fellow who could not read very well. He saw the stamp and thought it was some important matter from the seat of government that should be delivered immediately, therefore, he had saddled up a horse and made the trip. Thanks were profuse and the stranger galloped away in the darkness, thinking that a very meritorious service had been performed. That was the only disagreeable experi-

ence in the land of sharks for the non-delivery of the letter caused doubts and fears that the brother had died during the long years of absence.

CHAPTER VIII.

One night after our friend had eaten his supper, cooked as usual over buffalo chips, while calmly smoking his pipe, at peace with all the world, and building castles in the air, inhabited with thoughts that seemed pleasant indeed, he saw the top of a bush in front of the hut move. There was no breeze, the air being perfectly calm. This was the only bush for many yards. There was no animal on the plains large enough to cause the movement except some cows which were too large to be concealed by the foliage. A man thinks rapidly in the wilds. Immediately the conclusion was reached that a man caused the movement. Quickly springing to the side of the hut, out of the light reflected by the embers of the dying fire, he pulled his pistol, exclaiming at the same time, "Hands up." Two black hands came slowly in sight above the bush and the owner exclaimed "*Amigo*" (friend, in Spanish). "*Amigo* be damned. *Vamose*" (get).

The fellow started from the concealment of the bush, again uttering, "*Amigo*," but a pistol shot

on each side of the retreating rascal caused him to hasten his exit. He started on a quick run and disappeared in the darkness.

Our friend calmly turned in to slumber, indifferent to circumstances, as though he was in the Fifth Avenue Hotel of New York. He knew that the fellow would not return and there was no one else to do him harm.

The greaser had evidently crawled on his belly to the concealment of the bush to await the time when tired nature caused the sleeping of his prey, when a slash of his knife would prevent all opposition and a looted hut would be his reward. At that time these greasers were the principal criminals of California. The shots, instead of being aimed so as to increase the speed of the fleeing devil, should have been aimed to kill. Humanitarians may talk all they please about the brotherhood of man and the desirability of saving their souls; but they cannot change the belief of an old Californian, or any one else, who has had experience with bad Indians, greasers, and the general riffraff of human criminals, that the best place for them is six feet under ground.

The sharking season came to an end, like all things good or bad on this earth. The experience was very enjoyable in this lovely spot. Fully occupied in a productive capacity, free from all the restraints of civilized life, living the life of nature in fact was

all to the good. With the best of health and spirits, our friend began to close up the business. The coöperage of the casks of oil and preparing them for shipment occupied a short time. The season had been very profitable, and with a light heart the oil was loaded on teams sent from the Landing, to be delivered on board the steamer shortly due, for shipment to San Francisco. Then a large hayrack wagon was procured, and the shark fins were thrown in, making a load high above the vehicle. These fins could only be sold to Chinamen, who ship them to China for making soup. The wealthy Mandarins can only afford this coveted delicacy. The fins were roughly cut from the backs of the sharks, many inches of flesh and skin adhering. In making soup only the soft centre bones are good, so in weight the substance actually used is infinitesimal compared to the mass bought.

Early in the morning our friend mounted the team with the driver and started for the long journey across the plains to San Pedro. San Pedro, at that time, was a village of one long straggling street. Entering the street at the upper end, the team proceeded along slowly. Soon a Chinaman ran out and said:

“You selle shark fins?”

“Yes, John.”

“How muchee?”

“What you give, John?”

"Centee en halb, pund."

"Not enough, John."

Another Chinaman ran out and asked:

"You selle shark fins?"

"Yes, John."

"How much?"

"What you give, John?"

"Two centee pund."

"Not enough, John."

The whole village was in an uproar. The Chinamen were gesticulating and jabbering away in an exciting manner. The shark fins proceeded down the road followed and surrounded by Celestials crying out in their guttural language. This immense quantity of the desired delicacy created a frenzy among them. Evidently there was a dearth of shark fins in the Chinese country, and they thought our friend was aware of the conditions, for he would not accept the last offer, the highest price fins had heretofore sold for in the local market.

The excitement spread to the white inhabitants who poured out of every store and house. Their voices joined in the chorus and all seemed to be having the time of their lives. The caravan slowly proceeded all the while and the same questions and answers were given. The offers increased one-half cent per pound every time until reaching the end of the street, eight cents per pound was offered and accepted after it was considered that the limit

of price had been reached. The rack was unloaded after a goodly bag of gold was passed in payment. The price was fabulous, and was quoted for many years afterward as the top notch reached for the Chinese delicacy. Until late at night the excitement kept up. There was certainly a rousing old time in that sleepy town for many hours. Afterwards our friend became acquainted with a gentleman in San Francisco who told him that at the time of the sale he published a paper in the village and had printed a column and a half report of the event, which he declared was the best copy that he used during his whole experience in the publishing business.

CHAPTER IX.

The next day our friend went aboard a steamer bound for San Francisco. As he was passing aft to the purser's room to purchase his ticket, a voice called out, "Where are you going, Ned?" On looking back at the speaker, he recognized one of his old acquaintances, who was then mate of the vessel. Informing him of his object, the mate exclaimed:

"Don't do that. We are terribly short handed. Why not turn to with us, you can earn money instead of paying it out for passage?"

Being persuaded this was the best thing to do,

the chest was sent forward, instead of aft, and the crew was increased by one man.

The craft was found to be not only short handed, but was manned by the most inefficient lot of beach-combers that had ever been collected together. They were a ratty assembly; not an honest sailor in the bunch. Our friend acted more as an officer than foremast hand during the passage, trying to make the drove perform their duties.

The vessel carried square sails in addition to steam power, and one time during a fair wind the foretopsail was loosened and sheeted home. With the help of the sail the speed was increased for several hours, when the wind changed and it became necessary to take in the canvas. The crew were ordered aloft to furl it. Our friend was quick in the rigging and got to the bunt, or centre of the yard, when a burly brute came slowly up the shrouds, and using foul language, said that was his position. He was told to spread out on the yard as it required a man in at the bunt. The answer was that he would thrash the life out of our friend when he got him on deck. The sail was quickly gathered in and the gaskets properly fastened, when, on reaching the deck, the dock walloper was invited to carry out his threat; but he slouched off muttering.

The steamer stopped at a number of ports where it was necessary to discharge and take on freight before heading for 'Frisco. Just after passing the

Heads, one of the men came up to our friend and said:

"Are you wid us?"

"What do you mean, you slob?" was the answer.

"Well, wees all going to strike when the dock is reached and if yous are not wid us, yous are agin us, and a busted head will come to ye."

The officers of the ship were not aware of this intended strike, and when posted, prepared themselves with the help of the stewards and cooks, to pass the fastening lines. When the dock was reached it was found to be crowded with a yelling mob of what were called men. The crew quickly joined them, fleeing like rats over the rail. Being forewarned, the officers passed cables and lines and soon had the vessel secure. They also ran out the landing stage for discharging the cargo, which made a steep slide down to the dock. The strike was entirely unjustifiable, as the sailors' wages on the coast then were twice that ruling anywhere else.

When everything was snug, the mate came to our friend and told him that a new vessel was ready for our old man to command and that he was to take the captaincy of this one on the next voyage; also saying that he wanted our friend to go with him as his first mate. He was told that could not be, as he had formed a firm resolve to leave the seafaring life, with all its fascinations. All the persuasions of the mate were of no avail, for he felt there

was within the ability to accomplish more ashore than possible sailing the seas, but the mate said:

"You cannot go ashore now in that howling nest of rats. They will surely kick the head off of you."

He answered that two could play at that game. All he wanted was that the mate should help him with his chest to the landing stage. Meanwhile a teamster with a pair of fine horses, who was on the outer edge of the crowd, was signaled to back up to the slide, with tailboard down, and our friend, sitting on his chest, shot down in a twinkling, and threw it into the wagon. Then a mistake was made. Instead of following his belongings, he ran around to mount the seat with the driver. Such a rapid descent amongst them surprised the slow-witted rascals, and they were inert for a second or two; but soon gathering their wits they made for our friend. He had gained a hold on the back rail of the seat with one hand while his foot rested on the step. The disengaged foot was grasped by one of the devils who tried to pull him down. With a firm hold on the rail, the foot on the step was swung around, striking the fellow on the jaw with such force that he laid down to think out what irresistible power had fouled his head. Our friend quickly mounted and sung out to the teamster to switch up his horses. They promptly obeyed, and all were rushed through the yelling gang safely. The driver was directed to a hotel where the events

of the moment were calmly thought over as being a trivial affair unworthy of mention except in a truthful history like this.

This was the last voyage made as a sailor. Its joys and dangers were of the past, but it was many years before the old hankering for the sea, with all its charms and delights, entirely left the brain cells of the man, who had first experienced them as a boy. He had other duties to perform and they slowly developed; but the many voyages he afterwards made as a passenger, had pleasure to him because of the knowledge gained of the deep seas and their wondrous beauties. If a landscape is once viewed, it always remains the same, no change, and one soon tires of a vision practically permanent. The sea, per contra, is ever changing; ever building up a new vista that never repeats itself, thus enthralling the attention of one that loves the mighty waters.

The oil was sold at a good price and all was deposited in a bank whose character was unknown to the depositor. It had an imposing appearance with all the earmarks of a solid financial institution. Inquiries were made the next day as to the reputation of Mooney's bank. From all the sources of information at hand the reports were not good. It was considered too liberal in granting loans. It allowed twelve per cent. on deposits, which was known to be away beyond the earning capacity of

money. With this information the money was withdrawn and taken to another bank of undoubted security. Mooney's bank went up the flume with a crash in ten days, to the sorrow of many who wanted to get the most interest possible on their hoardings.

An acquaintance was struck up with a stranger at this time who depicted in glowing language the amount of money that could be made from a small sum, if that sum was in possession, in a scheme that the stranger knew of. Castles in the air were built, and brilliant speech described all their splendor, overflowing with Aladdin richness that would have made the ancient lamp-rubber envious. A mine of untold wealth only awaited one that might be possessed of the needed wand which consisted of a small streak of gold. The eloquent flow of speech began to affect our friend. He tried hard to learn the nature and aim of the scheme, but was told it could not be unfolded before certain preparations were made. The stranger declared it was necessary to have a small seagoing vessel procured that could be managed by a person skilled in the arts of the sea, and seemed a little surprised when our friend informed him that he was possessed of those arts in addition to the filthy lucre required. A visit was made to a boat building firm who agreed to build a suitable craft for a sum well within the wealth owned; then a decided stand was taken that

no further action would be taken before the nature of the business was divulged. The stranger declared that a delay was necessary; but a firm stand for information brought out the fact that a piratical, smuggling scheme was intended, down the coast of Mexico, which would develop riches untold and again our friend was regaled with the splendid descriptions that had at first attracted his attention. They parted, both disappointed, the one with a brilliant scheme that could not be tried, the other with a fellow being who had not digested the commandments which were inscribed on the Tables of Stone.

CHAPTER X.

With money at command, a natural ambition to enter into some form of business possessed our friend. He shortly saw a newspaper advertisement of a partnership in the market business for sale. On interviewing the gentleman who wanted a partner, he found that the possession of brilliant arguments and a persuasive tongue was not limited to one who wanted to go bushwhacking along the Mexican coast. The stranger enlarged on the large profits to be made; the impossibility of his attending to the outside work and detail of overseeing the

salesmen and the accounts; that he was forced to take a partner to help him; that the business was increasing by leaps and bounds, and in a short time, by strict attention to the inflowing trade they would be rolling in wealth; that he was sure our friend was the exact person he wanted, and for that reason he would sell an equal partnership for much less than it was worth. Truth and honesty was displayed in all his glowing language and our friend, being green, fell under its power.

He hastened to the bank, drew the necessary amount of money, and thence they proceeded to a lawyer who drew the documents that made him a business man with all that implied, with his name in gold lettering as one of a firm, and billheads printed in script, giving the name of a business house that would rank amongst the foremost merchants of town. All this made him happy, contented and proud; but what an awakening was in store for him! When he began to inspect the surroundings and the people flowing past, but not in under the imposing sign, he began to realize that some men could lie without much effort. His partner was absent nearly all the time, claiming he was looking out for the outside business; but as no outside business was in evidence, the idea crept into the brain of our victimized friend that he had been swindled by the most consummate falsifier in San Francisco. On being accused of his deception, the

claim was made that in a day or two the tide would turn; that he was going around amongst his friends who wanted our goods and they would soon be piling in to purchase. The next day a man came around the place, asking what was thought to be impertinent questions. He asked what was the value of stock carried; the daily sales and the net income. He was indignantly told that it was none of his business, whereupon he said that the partner had offered his interest for sale and that the inquiries were made to find out whether it was a good business proposition.

Our friend felt abashed for not doing just what the stranger thought necessary; but informed the questioner that the partner's interest was not for sale and could not be bought. The partner appeared shortly after and was informed that he could not sell his interest before our friend's share had been disposed of; that if he tried to do otherwise the whole fizzle would be shown up. The rascal became frightened and after much profanity, agreed to the proposition. Within two days a fellow he had hooked, put up the full sum that it had cost our friend to become partner. With only the loss of time, and with capital intact, he walked off, not now a business man, but with an experience that was worth many ducats in after life. He had found out that the confiding nature of a sailor was useless amongst the harpies that infest the land.

After this attempt to break into the business world, the experience proving so disagreeable, no action was taken in that line again for a long time. A position was taken with his old friends the printers, and becoming foreman of the press department, the time was fully occupied. He became a joiner and entered so many societies that there were not nights enough in the week to attend them all. The social life thus met with was thoroughly enjoyed. Home life at that time in the West had not crystallized as in older countries, so the people congregated more or less together in some form of public entertainment that was amusing or instructive. Offices were thrust upon our friend in the various lodges, and he became a high muckey-muck in many of them, with high-sounding titles that would gladden the heart of an Indian potentate. On the whole it was a jolly life, well spent, for many were the acts of help and charity that gladdened the hearts of those who had become stranded in the land of rainbow promises. The land of gold was a misnomer, for many found that all that glitters is not gold. Many, fagged in the pursuit, dropped by the wayside, worn and haggard from the wild struggle for that which only a very few attained. They then needed the helping hand that the various organizations gladly gave, for brotherly love was the touchstone of their existence.

One high office attained required the memoriza-

tion of a book full of matter that seemed impossible during the occupations of employment and the various duties of social life. Therefore, our friend went by steamer to Monterey and spent a week under the grand old trees, storing his mind with the words of wisdom. On his return he was letter perfect in the work and installed lodges in true and ancient form as a District Deputy Grand Master of the State of California.

There was one institution, however, that proved disappointing. It was formed on a principle that was contrary to correct human nature. Its precepts could not for all time be followed with honesty, therefore, a spirit of hypocrisy was engendered that eventually proved so distasteful to our friend as to cause his withdrawal. Hypocrisy was always considered the most venal of sins and he detested it with a spirit of animosity. He entered into the work full of vim, determined to accomplish all possible. Ladies and gentlemen were admitted and for a long time proved very agreeable. Rapid advancement was made and soon the regalia of Grand Master of the State of California descended upon his shoulders. He kept to the precepts, avoiding the holding of, and the tasting of the flowing bowl, eschewing all that would intoxicate. The millennium was approaching when intemperance with all its evils would be banished from the earth and no sin would remain. The occupation of the devil

would depart, thus ridding the world of his Satanic majesty.

But what an awakening there was when on a certain New Year's Day the august official visited his sisters. It was raining fiercely, and a hack was necessary. The first sister called upon was a high official of the organization. Our friend was received graciously, but was informed that the wild weather required special precautions; that they could not afford to have their high potentate become unwell through its influence, therefore in addition to the lemonade in the front room, she had arranged in a back room certain stimulants that would protect against all the effects of dampness. Retiring to the back room a decanter containing the vile broth of the devil's brewing, sometimes called whiskey, appeared with the necessary glasses. Being invited to partake so as to avoid the dire disaster that would follow from the weeping skies, a sad but firm refusal followed. She said it was on account of the love of him, the honored head of the Order, that this preventive was provided. He found that every sister called upon that day offered the same potion, with the same reasons for partaking. It was fearful, and it was not long before the I. O. G. T's lost a grand officer by resignation. Our friend always believed in temperance, but such temperance as this society recommended and indorsed, was wrong. It made bigots of some few, hypocrites of

many, and a small proportion remained who were trying to act as honest people. The good things of this life are provided to use in moderation and it is useless for reformers to fly in the face of human desires to accomplish that which amounts only to the vice of meanness.

CHAPTER XI.

Amongst the employees in the printing office was a young Irish pressman, who at times caused considerable trouble, owing to careless actions; but as he was the personification of good nature, he was always forgiven. He was a general favorite in the office. One day he invited our friend to attend his wedding, which was to occur that night. The time arrived and all the guests presented themselves. The wedding proved true to the old Irish ways. The poteen flowed generously and all were soon in a hilarious state of enjoyment. The bride and groom were toasted in words and spirits concerning their future happiness. The bride replied modestly with simple words that sounded well, coming as they did from a beautiful girl. The husband, however, was bold from the decoction imbibed. He loudly asserted that he was to be lord and master; that the wife was to minister to his wants in every way as a dutiful helpmeet should. This was grand talk; but

listen to the denouement. Something over one year afterwards our friend attended a public picnic and saw the young husband with his wife and baby. She exclaimed: "Pat, go and get the lunch basket as the baby wants some milk, and don't stop to gas with anybody, as you usually do, but return quickly."

Thus spake the wife to the lord and master that was to be. She was commander of the situation and he was content.

Our friend attended many dancing parties and became an officer in a large club that was formed for the purpose of giving swell affairs. They were nicknamed the silk stocking club, on account of their high-toned affairs. Their entertainments proved very enjoyable, although the art of dancing waltzes had never been acquired. Only square dances were indulged in. One night a gentleman met our friend and said he wanted to introduce him to his sister. Of course, the only reason was to give the sister a dance. On meeting the lady, she handed out her program; but unfortunately the card showed that she had given away all her square dances. She was informed of his inability to accomplish the waltz, the only one left, and a graceful departure was made. The incident was apparently closed to the satisfaction of all concerned. A dire result followed, however. While retiring from the presence of the lady, an old friend was met who said she wanted

to dance a waltz. She was informed that ignorance prevented. She insisted however, and before he knew it they were swinging around the hall in the graceful movement engendered by the enticing music, to the delight of those that witnessed, except the lady and her brother who sat watching the performance. The gentleman insisted that his sister had been grossly insulted by the refusal to take the waltz. He was informed that the dance was executed entirely by the lady dancer; that our friend was only carried around by her; and that she was the guilty party; but excuses were not accepted. That gentleman was a personal enemy for many moons.

One holiday a young tenderfoot expressed a desire to see the tabooed sights of San Francisco, and wished our friend to guide him amongst them. He was informed that the places were only known to the proposed guide by general report, and the news of the day; but that evening the two started to the underworld to view the events which are enacted in the glare of gaslights. They visited several places where vice abounds without meeting with anything except the usual drinking and carousing, when they descended to a noted dance hall, late in the night. Taking seats at a table, drinks were served by a "lady" who asked for a dance, after imbibing an extra drink that was not called for. She was met with a refusal and started off. Just then a commotion was noticed in a distant part of the hall.

Loud voices were heard and soon a pistol barked, soon followed by other shots. This was more than bargained for and the two strangers darted for the stairs with their coat-tails in a horizontal position behind. Landing in the broad moonlight, policemen rushing to the underground hell was the culminating vision the tenderfoot and his guide had of the night's adventure. Whenever he was asked afterwards if he wanted to repeat the experience, he would say. "I pass. I have had enough." The next morning's papers reported that there were three men killed and two women mortally wounded that night in the delightful Palace of Pleasure, by which name it was called.

One day while busily engaged in the office, a drunken bum sidled up to our friend and said, "Are you going to join us?" When asked what he meant, he said that all the printers were going to strike, and he, as walking delegate, was going around to get the men together. Now this man was a useless fellow who could not get employment in any office except when another man could not be found. His debaucheries were well known, and he was detested in every office in the city. The idea of such a man becoming the champion of the trade was peculiarly disagreeable. The printers of the Coast were enjoying the best of conditions. Their wages were high and the treatment most just. The fellow was told to get out. Replying in foul, saucy lan-

guage, he was taken by the collar of his coat and the slack of his pantaloons, and was thrown quickly down the steep stairs. As he bounded from step to step in his downward flight, a momentary regret was felt that death would ensue; but he picked himself up at the bottom, uttering terrible threats. His exit was rapid and not graceful. The effect was salutary, however, for the strike never materialized.

The proprietors of the printing office did a great deal of work for a land company who emitted the most elaborate descriptions of their holdings. One could not help getting wealthy if one took advantage of the offers. The land was certain to become valuable, situated as it was at the junction of two important railways. Great interests were forming to plant a large city on the property. In fact, after reading the glowing accounts, one would wonder at the philanthropy that prompted the owners to dispose of this great prospective wealth. Our friend tumbled and agreed to relieve the liberal owners of a section. After paying several installments, it appeared to be a good idea to view the splendid purchase. So on horseback the journey was made to Alameda County, and in the wilderness, after a long search, the location was found. The front was all right to the extent of ten feet; but unfortunately the metes and bounds beyond extended over a vast gulch hundreds of feet deep, a splendid location for trestle work if one wanted

to get beyond; however, as landed property the purchase was a little disappointing. No further payments followed, and those which had been made were charged to experience, that valued teacher who inculcates the spirit of philosophy.

CHAPTER XII.

Our friend had been a long time in the office and began to be restless. The proprietors thought he was preparing to take one of his flights, so offered him a ten-day holiday. A holiday could not be appreciated except on the water. A schooner was found that was bound to the north of California for a load of lumber, a journey that could ordinarily be made within the time limit. Passage was engaged, and, happy as a lark, he appeared on board the vessel. To be off again on the beloved water was a treat that was thoroughly enjoyed in anticipation. The vessel left the dock, and after the officers had got everything snug, the captain was offered a cigar. He said, "No, I thank you, I always feel a little squeamish on leaving port." To have an old sea dog give that excuse was surprising. The mate was made the same offer when he declined, saying, "I would throw up all that's in my stomach if I smoked." This was beyond belief, so a lonely cigar was enjoyed.

The lovely shores of 'Frisco Bay were passed.

Shortly we sped through the Golden Gate, along the rough waters called the potato patch, thence up to and around Point Reyes, into the broad Pacific Ocean. Everything was greeted with joy, even the sea gulls hovering about the ship were thanked for their presence. A boy out of school could not be more hilarious. In beautiful weather we sailed along for many hours, in fact the port of the Noyo River, where we were bound, was almost reached, when a sneezer came out of the gathering clouds, causing the taking in of every inch of canvas. Under bare poles the boat was driven before it to the westward. Half the distance to Japan was covered before the fierce gale abated. Then began the slow beating back to port. Many days were lost and when port was reached, it was found that the storm had washed the whole shooting match out. All the docks and stagings were no more. The loading of the schooner could not occur for at least a month. Our friend had long overstayed his time and determined on a ride overland to Eureka, where he was pretty sure to obtain passage for 'Frisco. The captain of the schooner told him to telegraph whether or no a cargo could be obtained in Eureka. If a cargo could be obtained in that port he would go and take it as he had plenty of time to deliver before wharfs could be built.

The journey was a long one on horseback, from daylight in the morning to ten or twelve at night.

At four o'clock the next morning the start was made from a livery stable, where a horse was hired. The stable keeper, in answer as to where the horse should be left, gave a stable address in the town bound for. He stated that the roads were rough, and if the animal gave out to be sure that the saddle reached the haven. Horses were cheap in that country at the time, but the saddle was worth money. It had rained heavily and the soft dirt road was mucky, making progress far from rapid. It was far from a cheerful prospect this ride over the oozy, treacherous causeway, but necessity knows no law, and the journey had to be made.

Proceeding slowly along our friend became very thirsty. He rode up to a man before a shack and asked him in a kindly manner for a drink from his well. The answer was: "You get," and in a threatening manner threw his hand around to his pistol pocket. "You slide off pretty d—— quick or I will load you with bullets."

Such a reception was not expected, but as the brute seemed ready to carry out his threat, the better part of valor prompted a retreat. Miles were covered and another citizen was noticed leaning up against his fence. The request for a drink was made. The answer came promptly: "Now, young fellow, I don't want to shoot, but if you do not vamose in an instant, my pistol will bark." Again the hand went for the gun.

What was the matter? This was California hospitality with a vengeance. The mind could not comprehend the reason for such treatment. The horse was urged along, up to his belly sometimes in the thick mud and dirty water. Disconsolate and weary, the traveler proceeded until again an inhabitant was noticed loitering in his yard. With becoming modesty the call for a drink of water was answered with a volume of oaths, followed by the words: "If you do not take your rascally carcass off down the road in a jiffy, it will be filled with lead so you cannot move." This time the pistol was in hand ready for execution.

The traveler could do nothing but obey the order. Wild with thirst, and becoming very hungry, nothing having passed his lips but a cup of coffee since starting at four o'clock, and the time of twelve having arrived, rebellion against the conditions got in masterful control of his system, and when he met another settler who ordered the traveler to make tracks with the usual threats, he could not stand the game any longer. Sliding off his horse, a demand for the reason for such treatment was made. Thundering out the words, "You are after the wrong fellow—you are taking me for somebody else; I am a printer on a holiday and here are papers proving the statement." With these remarks forcibly uttered, the fellow began to weaken. He told the stranger to come into the shack to show the

papers. This was quickly done and with the advantage gained, our friend followed it up with an additional verbal evidence that seemed to be convincing. The horse was led to fodder, and the settler then prepared some bacon and eggs. A happy condition of confidence seemed secure, but while the traveler was getting outside of the food provided, the fellow pulled out a description. He read: "A young fellow of fair complexion, about five feet, eight and a half inches high, weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds, has a scar over his right eye." Looking at the traveler, he sang out with an oath:

"You are the man."

"No, I am not."

"Yes, you are."

And then eloquence was expended with convincing power until the settler was thoroughly satisfied. The reason was then given for the outrageous treatment received by the traveler. Along the road all were squatters who had taken up lands before they were surveyed. The State had issued school script which was sold in the open market. Those purchasing the school script could plaster it upon any public surveyed land not already sold. These men had got a description of a young man from San Francisco who was expected to issue dispossession papers against the squatters in the interest of some people of 'Frisco. The settlers had met together and agreed to shoot the messenger on sight. Certainly

our friend was described accurately, and why he was not shot is an enigma. These men were rough and careless of life, but the idea of killing one in cold blood was revolting. Perhaps they thought some one else would perform the deed, thus relieving their conscience of the action.

The squatter informed the traveler that he had convinced him of his pacific intentions, but others further along might shoot, therefore he thought it best to accompany him. Saddling his horse, they proceeded. Shortly another armed man was met. He sang out:

"You have got the rascal?"

"No, I haven't, he has proved clear."

Thus they proceeded. Every short distance they were challenged, but the kind friend proved a friend indeed, and they were allowed to pass. The darkness of night overshadowed them, when three horsemen were seen approaching from the opposite direction. They had just come out of the town to which our friend was bound. They immediately turned their horses, surrounding the traveler and sang out: "You have got the limb of the law, let's swing him up." But the friend again put in a disclaimer. Then the traveler did something he had never done before in public, he gave the sign of distress, as taught in a secret order. The riders, noticing the sign, quickly cried out as with one voice, "You bet he is all right," and grasping his hand in brotherly

token, they all declared that they would return to town and give the new found brother the time of his life. It was not until the wee, small hours of the morning that our friend could get clear from the brothers. They were determined to make him forget the dire experiences of the trip.

Early in the morning inquiries were made as to the possibility of getting a cargo for the schooner, but this was found impossible for the great storm had weather-bound many vessels and they had corralled all the freight of the port, therefore, a telegram was sent to the captain stating that no cargo could be obtained. The statement was also made that his passenger would take the first vessel bound for 'Frisco.

CHAPTER XIII.

The vessels were all lying out in the bay, and the only connection with them was by a tugboat resting alongside the dock. Our friend went aboard and told the captain to put him on the first vessel that left port. It was the custom to bend on a hawser and pull the craft out to the bar, where sail would be made. The gruff old captain answered the request in a voice that sounded more like a growl than usual speech—"All right." After a short delay the tug proceeded to the largest craft in the bay. It was the *Harvest Queen*, a vessel noted all

around the coast as being perfectly appointed, with splendid accommodations for passengers. The captain, after pulling the vessel to the bar, did not run alongside for the passenger to jump aboard, but signaled for the hawser to be cast off, then steamed for the next craft. Our friend was boiling with rage. Rushing up to the old man in a temper, he hollered out, "I told you to place me on the first vessel outbound, and the only one fitted up for passengers has gone."

The reply was quick and sharp. "Shut up! If you don't keep quiet I will throw you overboard." It was no use to argue the case with such a brute. It was a case of must. Shortly the line was passed to an old lumber droger, piled with a deck load that sank the deck awash in the water. After pulling her to the bar, the tug ran alongside and the captain sang out, "Jump, you young devil, jump."

The order was obeyed. Landing on the rail he climbed up on the lumber and was met by the mate who sang out, "What are you doing here?"

On being told that passage to 'Frisco was demanded he replied: "You are a fool. There are no accommodations. You will have to sleep on top of the deck load."

Our friend quietly pulled out a twenty dollar gold coin and said: "Is this good for a bunk?"

The reply was short, and decisive: "Yes, by thunder, you can have mine for that sum."

All was serene, and after a passage, comparatively pleasant, the old hulk wallowed up to the dock in good old San Francisco harbor after a ten days' holiday that had stretched out to five weeks.

Going to the office, he was well received—with joy in fact, for his services were in demand. The only remaining partner, for his companion had left him, was taken sick with smallpox the day after our friend departed, and had just returned from the hospital thoroughly cured and enjoying the best of health, as is always the case with patients recovering from that awful disease.

A short time after his return, our friend in a social assemblage, met the complete counterpart of himself, the same build, complexion and with a scar over the right eye. The resemblance was startling. Entering into conversation with his double, it was found out that he was a lawyer and had a commission to place school script on the same delectable spot that had caused so much misery to the party of the first part. He was informed of the narrow escape from being shot. Replying, he informed that the party employing him changed the plans just before the execution to another place, thus giving our friend his chance of being ventilated.

About three months after the memorable journey, a man was met on Second street who appeared to be drunk. He kept moving from side to side, facing our friend, who became annoyed. He sang

out to the fellow to get out of the way and sober up. The reply came, "Aren't you in Davy Jones' locker? Aren't you a ghost?"

"Why, no, you drunken fool. Vamose."

"Don't you know me? I was the mate of the vessel on which you made the trip to Noyo river."

Looking at the fellow sharply, who was in his shore toggery, he was recognized. He said, "Didn't you telegraph to the captain that you would take the first vessel that went out of port? The first craft out was the *Harvest Queen*. She has never been heard of since."

Explanations were made and the mystery was solved for the mate; but the mystery was never solved in regard to this vessel sailing over the bar and disappearing into oblivion with all souls aboard. Not a hatch or any floating article belonging to the ship ever appeared. The weather was fine; no storms could have been met on her passage. It was an enigma never to be solved until the mighty deep gives up its secrets.

What prompted the tug captain to refuse to put the passenger upon a vessel with splendid cabins and thrust him on a pile of lumber, has perplexed the mind of our friend ever since. Was it caused by his own volition, or the small voice of some omniscient power acting on his subconsciousness, telling him not to place the stranger where he would certainly go down to a watery grave; but to give

him a chance to reach safety, though it might be in an uncomfortable manner? This is beyond the philosophy of the human mind. The present and past is knowable, but the future is hidden in a mist that cannot be fathomed by man, although he claims to be immortal.

Our friend took an active interest in the affairs of San Francisco, political, social and religious. He joined a large Episcopal church having one thousand Sunday School scholars, and became its librarian. Eventually, thanks to the ladies who have the right to vote in that denomination, he was elected a vestryman. All seemed lovely, and the sun shone bright. One day when engaged in the library, the superintendent of the Sunday School said to him: "There is a lady teacher absent, this is the first time, and I fear she has been taken sick. Could you take her class, who are all present?"

The answer was: "Yes, it is a little out of my line, but I will do the best possible." So, on introduction to the class, he found a lot of boys from five years old upwards. The lesson was gone over very easily as it was all printed, but the trouble commenced when it was ended. As soon as that occurred a little kid piped out:

"Teacher, at this time the lady always asks us if we want to ask any questions."

"All, right," the reply came, "fire away."

"Well, if a boy was going along the street and

another boy struck him on the face, what should he do?"

The answer was, "If he was a smaller boy, why don't mind it; but if of the same size or larger, then pitch in and thrash him, if you can."

The superintendent was just back of the acting teacher at the time and overheard the remarks. Touching our friend on the shoulder, he said: "I am afraid you are not cut out for a Sunday School teacher. The library needs your attention."

What sane man or healthy boy could consider any other action? The hypocrisy of certain forms of religion tries to teach otherwise, but such teachings fall on unfruitful soil. If fruitful the result would be the production of a cowardly race that would be despised of all.

CHAPTER XIV.

The old desire to enter business came over our friend. He noticed a patented article that had considerable sale in the Eastern markets, but which was not known in the West. He naturally thought the Western market should be opened up. Therefore, he wrote to the manufacturer that the sale could be promoted and the article introduced to the mutual profit of both. After a time the agency of the goods was offered and accepted, and a lot of the goods sent around the Horn. On arrival, our friend took

time from his duties in the office to interview the trade. He soon found out the goods were known, although not sold. He was met with refusals, with the statement that no more was wanted as they were worthless. They all had small lots and had condemned them because they would not work. Surprised and mystified, he soon found out that all were purchased of one jobber. On interviewing this dealer, information was obtained that a long time previously a lot of the goods were received by water freight and distributed in small lots all over California—that the customers were dissatisfied and demanded of the jobber the privilege of returning them. This was objected to, but many refused to pay the bills. In fact, the experience was such that the jobber did not want to see one of the articles again.

All this information would have dampened the ardor of almost any one, but our friend was not built that way. His optimistic and pugnacious mind only saw a fight ahead to overcome the bad repute in which the article had fallen. He got the dealer to go over his books and make out a list of every customer to whom the goods had been sold. With this list in hand he made trips all over California and interviewed the purchasers. He found that the same fault showed up in every instance. The lot of goods had been stowed in the lower hold against the skin of the ship. All had

come in contact with bilge water and were rusted so the working parts would not act; a sorry lot of goods indeed. The worthless stuff was all gathered in and replaced with perfect goods without any cost to the merchant. Satisfaction was engendered and gradually orders came in for more goods. Things began to look lovely.

Soon it became evident that our friend could not retain his connection with the office. He was losing too much time. A young man whom he was acquainted with urged that a partnership should be formed with him to prosecute the business. Persuasion carried the day and a new firm was introduced to the market. The partner placed in the undertaking very little money. The experience of the past was overlooked. The sharking episode had been conducted profitably without a partner, and the market business, with a partner, had been disastrous; but the new line seemed at the time to require doubling up. The result proved unsatisfactory in the end. The young man was industrious, but had no business ability at all. Such a man as a workman, could have been obtained for much less than an equal partner was entitled to draw from the firm. When the lawyer was drawing up the papers, our friend insisted that the words, "No member of the firm acting for himself or for the firm, shall go on a bond or indorse a note for the benefit of others." This provision in the partner-

ship compact saved the firm from destruction afterwards when it got in good condition. A mutual friend was elected to a political office that required a large bond. He applied for the indorsement of the firm. It seemed reasonable to give the same, for his standing was high; but no, the agreement prevented. Before the expiration of his term, this good man went wrong; defaulted, and if compelled to pay the bond, the new firm would have been pushed to the wall.

It was slow work, but the business began to show the energy expended. It was increasing in volume. About this time our friend went into a large wholesale house and was offered the very goods for which he was supposed to have the exclusive agency. This was a terrible blow. It can be supposed that it had cost no small sum of money to travel over the State replacing the faulty goods, advertising and making a market. When success was beginning to be felt, although not to a paying extent, to have the goods coming in through others, was a disappointment hard to bear. It was seen that other articles had to be taken in from which profit could be obtained. Therefore, the stock was increased so that in time a general house furnishing business was done, and after three removals, the establishment was doing a flourishing trade in a large store on the principal business street of the city.

Our friend's connection with the church as vestry-

man and member had to be severed as the brothers, sisters and deacons, flocked in, running up bills that would escape their memories afterwards. On being prayerfully urged for payment, their excuses were various, but all meant *mañana*, a Spanish word meaning to-morrow, or the day after judgment. So, sorrowfully, orders were given not to sell except for cash, any customer who pleaded church connections as a reason for credit. It was thought better to get cash in this world than to build up credit in the world to come. The wisdom of this action showed up in a full cash drawer instead of the depleted receptacle, to meet the bills that had to be met as they came in, like the falling leaves of autumn, every steamer day.

This making steamer day collections in this country, was a relic of the time when two steamers a month sailed into port from Panama. All payments were made on those days. If a customer could not settle his account on steamer day, then it naturally laid over for the next, as no attempt was made to collect between. This system was kept up for many years after the communication was opened by rail and the old steamer days became of no moment.

When the time and condition warranted, our friend got spliced—that is, married. In due course of events a baby girl came to the parents. She proved later in life to be a chip off the old block,

proud to advance, and with talents that commanded attention.

Business required a trip to San Pedro, therefore, a steamer was taken to that port. After a few days the return passage was made. That port had increased in importance very much during the few years since the former visit. Going aboard the steamer, she was soon headed for the north. That part of the coast was very familiar to our friend as he knew every headline, bay, and landmark. They were as plain to him as an open book. One evening he overheard the captain tell the mate on going below for the night, "to keep the same course until morning." The wheel was aft and curiosity prompted him to take a look at the compass to see the course steered. It was immediately noticed that something was wrong—that the continuous sailing of the ship on that course was impossible, as long before morning the false bay of Monterey would open out, and if the vessel ran amongst the jagged rocks of that locality, the loss of the steamer would surely follow, and most likely all on board would be drowned. Our friend went up to the mate and informed him that he had heard the captain's order, and also told him that if the course was run until morning, the vessel would be at least twenty miles inshore. The reply was sharp and disagreeable: "I guess we know how to run the steamer; mind your own business."

With such a rebuff the only thing to do was to watch and wait. Sleep was impossible. When the midwatch came on deck and the lookout was relieved, our friend went forward and told the new man to keep his eye peeled, as breakers would soon appear on a very dangerous coast. The lookout replied that he had not been cautioned by the officer on deck of the approach of land, as is the custom on ship. He was informed that land *was* ahead, and that it would be quite a feather in his cap if he was first to make it out. The sailor was impressed and promised to look out sharp. These were anxious moments. The many lives aboard were at stake. They were sleeping soundly, oblivious of the great danger in the near distance. The mate had received his orders from the captain and they had to be obeyed blindly. No criticism of that authority could be indulged in. Since that time the one-man power has been lessened a bit by the maritime authorities especially after the captain of the American liner *Paris*, long afterwards, left Cherbourg, France, and sailed directly on the English coast, wrecking his vessel. His excuse was that he had taken his departure from the wrong light. Now, both the captain and the mate must agree on a course. The discussion that would naturally arise would tend to avoid the faults caused by such an aberration of the mind that sometimes occurs when one authority is supreme.

The ship continued to forge along. Our friend was in the waist of the vessel looking with intense interest ahead for the appearance of white water. The wind had increased to a sharp topsail breeze, producing a heavy sea that must make the coast terrific. Both he and the lookout were on the job, however, and just before one o'clock each one sang out at the same instant, "Breakers ahead!" Sharp and authoritative rang out the order from the mate to the man at the wheel, "Hard up," and the vessel quickly obeyed the helm. She swung around, her stern pounding in the white water. It was a narrow escape, but the craft with all on board were saved.

After the excitement of escaping the rocks, when the ship had made her offing and had started on her safe and correct course, the mate came to our friend pleading that he should not say anything about the error. He said that the old man was to take a new ship the following voyage, and that the mate was to be captain of the present one. A report of the case would ruin both lives. The man was told that such a gross blunder should be advertised; but after much urging and prayers, the promise was given that nothing would be said about the affair as long as our friend remained on the coast. Such a decision was not according to justice, but the blind Goddess often demands that which good fellowship has reason to refuse.

CHAPTER XV.

Among the acquaintances of our friend was a family consisting of the parents and a grown up daughter. It was observed that the daughter was gradually declining in health, becoming more peaked looking every time she was noticed. The mother was so informed and was told that something was wrong. The reply was that the daughter insisted upon teaching and trying to convert to Christianity a class of grown up Chinamen, a labor of love, undertaken in true missionary spirit, without remuneration, looking to Heaven for a reward. The vile smell of opium-smoking Celestials was undermining her health; but she insisted upon carrying on the work. No argument or entreaty could induce her to desist. Our friend met the daughter and urged her to let the heathen go their own way, that to try to convert them was a hopeless task, and that on the whole, their religion was the best for them. She was informed of the fact that those people looked upon the white man's doctrines with disgust, and that they were only trying to learn English so that they could earn more money. She was asked if there was a man amongst them that showed the least evidence of being affected by her teachings.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "There is Sing Lee, he is a Christian. I have converted him."

"What, the Sing Lee that keeps a wash house in Minna street?"

"Yes, that is the one. He has given himself to Christ and I am greatly encouraged."

The next day our friend concluded to interview the Christianized Chinaman at his place of business. Some people cannot tell one negro from another, but say all "niggers look alike to them;" but our friend from his long contact with the Celestials could tell them apart and readily recognized their individual peculiarities. Arriving at the wash house, he met Sing Lee and asked him in pigeon English:

"You likee go to school?"

"Velle, velle, me learnee Englie."

"Do you likee teacher?"

"Velle nicee. She good little——,"

using a profane epithet unprintable. The next instant the Chinaman was lying on the floor. Something must have hit him. For such hypocritical beings a young woman was wearing out her life in endeavoring to make them see things the same way as she saw them after many generations of teaching that had ingrained itself in her very being. She believed in the doctrines that she tried to inculcate in the Chinamen; but they had been brought up under a different set of beliefs that had been ingrained in their systems through many more hundred years than the new dogmas, brought to their attention. Which are best for them should be left

to their own consciences. Missionary effort has accomplished some good in the world, but has produced a great deal more harm. The endeavor to proselyte has antagonized the different peoples and has led to many wars that have deluged the lands with blood. This opinion has been arrived at after extensive reading; but more especially after actual experiences in different parts of the world where missionary effort was in evidence. Many who think they have been called by a Superior Power to proselyte, have not that peculiar power that might be called humanity, the lacking of which produces estrangement instead of human sympathy. They repel, instead of creating a bond of union. They keep their dogmas in mind and lose sight of the grand power of love that is the basis of all true religion. And, also, the vast number of dogmas that different men endeavor to inculcate, perplex the taught, and make them wonder as to which is the true. As one of them informed our friend, "You people who are trying to change our beliefs, have innumerable prisons; the inmates are increasing rapidly although many more, equally guilty, remain outside augmenting the percentage of crime enormously. Lying, stealing, lust, murder, and all the brutal instincts are in evidence in your Christian country, more, in fact, than in this, that you are trying to proselyte. What will be the gain?"

It would seem best for the missionaries to Chris-

tianize their own country first, so that it will show up as a true model for others to follow. A very good piece of advice, often given, is to "Mind your own business and others will take care of their own."

Going back to the young lady teacher, she was informed of the result of the interview with the Godlike Sing Lee, and was told that the old sinner was only trying to get a knowledge of English, that he was pretending to be converted, as a cloak, and our friend again urged her to give up the work she was engaged in; but no, she had faith. She died in seven or eight months, a martyr to a misconception of her duty.

Our friend belonged to an institution that had as a fellow-member a young man who had worked hard in establishing a business from which he obtained, at this time a good income. He had never taken a vacation, but concluded as he had everything in shape, to go up to Red Woods for a well-deserved rest and relaxation. He purchased a valuable shotgun and fishing tackle, and started in good spirits for the land of recreation. His wife and family did not hear from him and naturally got alarmed concerning his safety. All loved the man as he was a cheery, whole-souled, noble character, who took up with spirit the various activities that the society was noted for. The wife, one of the best of women, informed the mutual friends

of the Order concerning the long absence and the anxiety created by it. Amongst the members was an ex-sheriff of a northern county who was one of the bravest of men and had the love and respect of all that knew him. He was for years the largest building contractor in San Francisco. The society appointed him, with a companion, to go up to the Red Woods to try, if possible, to locate our missing member. The committee returned in five days with a full report. They had not been in the locality more than one day when they heard of a greaser who had, when in his cups, made mention of a stranger who had met his death by his hand. The clue was followed up and soon he was found in a shanty with others of the same sort. On entering, they found the shotgun that was stolen. The fellow was immediately arrested, and under natural persuasion, admitted the murder. He was taken to the spot and located the body under a mass of soft earth. Then, without fuss and feathers, he became an ornament to a tree, hanging there like an exclamation point, giving emphasis to the injunction, "Thou shalt not kill." This was all done quietly and with due decorum, no grand jury or term jury, no lawyers or judges lost any time in the proceedings; appeals were out of order, but true justice was satisfied.

The committee brought the body of their deceased comrade with them on their return, and he received

the burial rites of the Order in due form. This was another case where the man and brother theory did not jibe when a greaser was in the case.

A telegram was received by our friend from his wife stating that she was sick on a ranch where she was summering, up in the foothills of Sonoma County. Therefore, she had to be reached by crossing the bay and taking a team to the destination. On arriving at the livery stable it was found that a driver could not be obtained on account of its being a holiday. A good pair of horses was furnished, and a diagram of the trip was laid out so that no mistake could be made as regards the road. A start was made just before dusk. The last injunction was given not to use the whip on the animals as they were frisky. Slow progress up the mountain was made. It became so dark that the horses heads could not be seen. They were driven with slack lines so that they would depend upon themselves for direction. After several hours, the horses refused to go any further. They stood stock still. All urging was useless. Our friend got aggravated, and just as he was ready to grasp the whip, a voice came back from the front, saying in maudlin tones: "What ish the masher?"

It was evident that the driver in a stalled team ahead, had been lying in a drunken sleep on his box. "Get out of the way. Start up your team."

Soon the creaking sound ahead denoted the move-

ment and the fellow called back: "Whar's yous going?"

He was given the information, rather tartly, and the procession moved along. Then the command came out of the darkness, "Pull yer right rein."

On this side was a blank stone cutting extending up indefinitely, so the order was not immediately obeyed. Again the order came in imperative tones: "Pull yer right rein, damn ye."

Spasmodically the order was obeyed and our friend made a sharp turn up a road that he could not have possibly found in the blackness without help. Therefore, giving the teamster a parting benediction, he proceeded up to the ranch.

The next morning, with his wife nicely stowed in the landau, the start was made for the city. When they got to the place on the road where the team had been met the previous night, it was found that two wheels of the landau were within six inches of a steep, rocky descent of at least three hundred feet. If the whip had been used on those skittish horses, they would, in prancing, have dashed all below on the rocks, to inevitable death.

CHAPTER XVI.

What was known as the Amador War occurred about this time. The miners had struck in the mines of Sutter Creek, Amador County, and refused to allow others to work. They stopped the pumps taking out the water from the deep workings and they were beginning to be flooded. This action would have destroyed those mines, thus causing immense loss to the owners, also great misery to the population that depended entirely on the mines for support. The Governor ordered the militia battalion that our friend belonged to, up in the disturbed region. Only three hours were allowed the men for preparation. When the orders to march reached his store he was out, and on his return in about one hour, hurried arrangements were made to leave the business. It was hard work and he got to the armory after the battalion had left for the ferry. Hurriedly donning his uniform, a rush was made to catch up. Arriving at the ferry, he found out that the boat had pulled out a distance of at least six feet. Springing across the opening with a powerful effort, he landed on deck, back down, with a thump that caused momentary insensibility.

The battalion was armed with old Springfield muzzle loading rifles. These were retained in the armory, and sixteen shot automatic rifles were

given the men on the boat ; also each man was given two navy revolvers to hang on his belt. After leaving the boat, cars were taken for a long distance, after which the troops tramped up the mountain roads.

A comical event happened when the men came upon a toll gate attended by a woman. She would not allow the army to pass until toll was paid. Arguments were of no avail—pay or no passage. The boys wanted to tear away the gate, but the officers collected the necessary amount and then forged ahead.

Soon a deep cut in the road was met. Some striking miners were collected high up on the sides. They began to fire off their pistols, mostly hurrah shots however, although some of the balls fell amongst the boys. Our friend was the only one in the force who had been under fire. He noticed a wavering and felt that a stampede was imminent. That would have been bad for the troop ; therefore he sang out. "The first man that starts for the rear will be shot."

The boys heard, and bracing up, marched through to the first camp ground. The Sibley tents were pitched and the boys placed their rifles around the centre poles, hanging their belts with the two pistols on them over the muzzles. Soon a call was made that caused our friend to get his accoutrements. He went to take his belt and pistols, and as he did

so he touched the adjoining belt that had not been correctly attached so that it fell down. The butt of a pistol struck on a rock which caused it to explode. The ball went straight upwards, passing through the visor of his cap and could not have been more than one-eighth of an inch from his head. A close call, rather.

Then commenced a month of the most arduous duties, more exacting than those of a like period at any time during the Rebellion. Every night the whole force was on guard duty. The troops were split up in detachments guarding the various mines, subject to nightly alarms that caused irritation, but no actual bloodshed occurred.

Although the duty was irksome, still there occurred some sport and diversion. One rainy night a dude of a lieutenant was officer of the day and at twelve o'clock it was his duty to make the guard rounds. Our friend was waiting for him on his post. He heard in the distance his approach to the various guards, and, on request, giving the countersign without descending from the horse that he rode. It is an invariable military rule for a guard to prevent the approach of a mounted man closer than the end of his bayonet on his rifle. The countersign is always to be given in a whisper, therefore for the safety of the guard, the countersign must always be given when dismounted. The lieutenant approached. Soon was heard:

"Who comes there?"

"Grand rounds."

"Advance grand rounds, dismount and give the countersign."

The lieutenant continued to walk his horse forward. The rifle was brought down to charge and an ominous click of the trigger heard. "Dismount" came the imperative word.

The lieutenant was bundled up in a raincoat and disliked to obey in the heavy rain. He was green and did not know the rules of the service. He exclaimed: "You know me. I am lieutenant of your company."

"Dismount, or I will shoot."

The officer, growling, slipped off the horse and approaching, gave the countersign. He then, when remounting, swore that he would report the impertinent sentry. He did, and only got for his pains the order to learn his duties.

There was in the battalion a man untidy in dress and manners; but otherwise a good fellow. The boys determined to have some fun at his expense. He was arrested in burlesque. A regular court, in due form, was impaneled with our friend acting as judge. The culprit was charged with the crime of "Not spitting beyond his chin." The trial proceeded with witnesses on both sides. He was convicted, and the judge sentenced him to be tossed in a blanket. The penalty was carried out with great

spirit and energy. After the culprit was let off, some inane rascal sang out, "What is the matter with giving the judge a spell?" It was unanimously agreed to and in a second the august judge was in the blanket being tossed up, with his arms and legs so mixed that he could hardly tell one from the other. No man who has not experienced the act of being tossed in a blanket can conceive of its diabolical nature.

The troops returned to San Francisco after a month's drilling, tough and hearty, thoroughly broken into shape as true soldiers. They had slept on the ground and eaten the rough rations with a relish. They marched amid the applause of the multitude up to the armory with the spirit and step of true veterans. The strike had been declared off and everything was lovely.

It was the custom of our friend after he got his business in condition, to pass about ten days up in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains hunting. A party would be gotten together by one who liked that kind of work. He would buy the necessary tickets, arrange for the teams and purchase the provender of all kinds. After the return the costs would be distributed pro rata. It was surprising how economical the arrangement was to each member. The game was deer, bears, wild cats, or anything else that walked on four legs. Sometimes the return would be made with full bags;

sometimes the only result worthy of mention would be the elastic step and the hearty appetites of men who had walked over the blue, distant hills, eager to breathe the rarified air that produced a rejuvenating influence, dispelling the cobwebs that are inclined to form in the brains of city workers.

One time, after getting into the mountains, the mud wagon was slowly proceeding upwards. The sun had set on the team; but in a deep gulch running east and west, its rays shone through. At its bottom, at least six hundred yards off, our friend noticed a jackass rabbit seated on a rock. The illumination made the fellow loom up to a great size. He ordered the team to stop. Grasping his rifle, and after getting a good bead on the beast, he fired. The rabbit remained in position. The shot might just as well have gone off in the next county as far as the animal was concerned.

Our friend, wondering how he could have missed the game, stated that he would bet a twenty dollar gold piece that he had hit the animal. Another member of the party, who was a splendid shot, sang out: "I will take that bet. You could not hit a barn door," and at the same time brought up his rifle. He fired, and the rabbit fell over dead. "That is the way to shoot," he exclaimed, "hand over your twenty dollars." No! the bet was that the rabbit was hit, and the only way to prove otherwise was for the man to go down and get the beast. With

much grumbling he started down the rough, rock-strewn declivity. On returning, with hands cut on the rocks and pantaloons torn, he threw the rabbit at the feet of the driver, demanding again the money in aggravated tones. Our friend took up the animal and found in addition to the bullet hole through his body, that a ball had made a fresh passage through one of his long ears, thus proving that the first shot had taken effect. All considered it strange that the animal remained in position, but concluded that the bet, as made, demanded the payment to our friend instead of the other party. The money was paid over with sorrowful memories of the rough descent and climb.

Fishing parties were made up occasionally. A tug would be chartered to go outside the heads for a day's sport. A number of these had occurred at various times; but there would always be more or less seasickness aboard, causing discomfort to the rest. One day a friend came into the store of our friend and told him that another fishing excursion was being organized; but to avoid the possibility of seasickness, only seasoned mariners would be invited. The time arrived and there was a nice party aboard of the tug. They were all gay, and anticipating the best of times, the departure was made through the Golden Gate, or the heads as they were familiarly called. Then commenced a circus. The water was in a naughty mood. Cross, choppy seas would

throw the tug almost perpendicular, and before she reached an even keel again, would broach to, sending green water over the rail, making her roll horribly. No fishing could be done. Soon all were trying to hold down what they had, without any desire to acquire fish or other outside things. In fact, the only ones not terribly seasick were our friend and the one that had gotten up the party. No future endeavors were made in the direction of fishing parties. All had enough and were satisfied to remain on *terra firma*.

CHAPTER XVII.

Our friend's business was flourishing and the future looked rosy. He wished to add another branch to his manufacturing plant, and thought that a trip East would be advisable to obtain the latest developments as shown up in the large Eastern factories. Therefore, with that view in mind, the start for Philadelphia was made over the Southern Pacific, in the spring of 1882. When near Tucson, in Arizona, trouble with the engine occurred and the conductor notified the passengers that it would take at least two hours to make repairs. Our friend roamed off to an army post in a village. While standing with his back to a picket fence, he

noticed an Indian marching along the street or lane, in all the glory of blankets and feathers. He came up, walking grandly as though he owned the whole country. It was noticed that he was followed by two squaws bearing immense loads that caused their little legs to bend under the weight. That was disgusting, and naturally the call was made to place some of the plunder on his own free back. When the Indian heard the order he grasped a long knife out of his belt and springing at the speaker, raised it aloft to a position directly over the left breast. There was no chance to escape with back to the fence, and being unarmed, his chance seemed desperate. At that instant a commanding voice in the Indian dialect was heard coming from a cross lane, which caused the holder of the knife to bring it down in a hesitating manner to his side with a scowl that was demoniacal. Immediately the officer sprang forward and demanded to know what was said to the Indian. He was told. The reply was: "You are a d—m fool; that is the most insulting talk you can give an Indian, to take a load off a squaw's back and place it on his own." All this took place within a few seconds. If the officer had not been on hand, the knife would have descended to the death of our friend. The officer informed that the Indian was a famous chief who had been captured by the army after he had slaughtered hundreds of the settlers. He had the liberty of the army post but was

not allowed outside of the guards. He should have been planted six feet under ground when captured. This would have made him a good Indian, according to Western ideas.

On arriving in Philadelphia, the manufactories were inspected to gain points concerning the article that our friend was interested in.

Then a trip was made to New York. When the lad left that city, twenty years before, it was a village compared to what it was at this time. When he left, the Astor House was the best hotel and the most prominent building in the lower part of the city, and to that place his footsteps were directed. Perplexity resulted from observing the Post Office and the lofty buildings on Park Row. He did not know where he was and walked up and down on Broadway several times in search of the Astor House. Not finding the large building that was in his memory, he asked a police officer to point it out. "You are standing right in front of it," was his answer. Disgusted with its mean appearance, our friend entered and put up for the night.

Everything had changed, including the customs of the people and on the whole our friend was disappointed. A visit was made to the one who manufactured the article, the agency for which he thought he had controlled years before. The business was found to be in a demoralized condition. Incapacity of management was noticeable. On meeting with

the proprietor confidences were exchanged and after a few days, hints of a possible change of base of our friend from the West to the East were given, although nothing definite was decided upon.

Soon after reaching San Francisco a letter was received offering a position in the manufacturing business. The salary was stated and it was left to our friend to accept or not. It is hard to form an idea why after a few days, an answer was sent accepting the proposition. The amount offered was less than was drawn out of his business, which was in a flourishing condition. To give up an independent, growing trade, to accept a position under a salary, seems even now to have been foolish; but otherwise the case presented to our friend was that there appeared to be a future in the new departure. In its present working it was small. It was handled contrary to all business principles. Also the factory help, as well as the office force, was permeated with dishonesty. Our friend saw all this, and his natural combative disposition was aroused and he determined to correct and place the business on a plane which it deserved.

Therefore, he went to his partner and told him it was a case of buying or selling; that he must buy out the interests of our friend or allow him to buy. After some delay, the partner decided to buy on the very favorable terms offered, which was for a small amount of cash and notes payable in installments

for a long term of years. It might be stated that the cash was paid over and three or four notes when due. The partner was no business man and allowed the trade to slip through his hands, causing him to fail, leaving the major part of the notes unpaid.

After cleaning up in San Francisco, a Panama steamer was taken for the East. The Panama Steamship Company at the time had a secret agreement with the railroad companies to discourage passenger traffic over the ship route, they receiving a large amount of money in lieu of the trade. This fact was not known, however, by our friend, who would not have engaged passage had he known of it. He found the ship badly provisioned and most articles ran out before reaching Panama. It was intensely hot and the ice gave out before getting as far south as Cape St. Lucas. When reaching Panama, a few hours elapsed before the train could be taken for Colon across the Isthmus. Entering the hotel for lunch, the tables were found loaded with big joints of meat and swarming around were immense numbers of flies, disputing with the guests every mouthful of food that entered their mouths. The French were digging the canal at the time (1882), and the officers occupied the tables, eating that heavy food, washing it down at first with wine ordinary then with heavy Burgundy, and topping off with brandy. Considering the climate, such food was entirely out of place. Our friend lost what

little appetite he had and got up from the table before being served. He went out on the piazza. Soon one of the Frenchmen came out and sat alongside of him. He began to talk, asking if our friend was a new arrival. Our friend expressed surprise at the guests eating such heavy food. The Frenchman, who was mellow with drink, replied that "they did not expect to live over six months and were determined to live well while they did live." Our friend asked when the canal would be finished. The reply was: "Nev-ah! the control of the Chagres River has not been placed on the trestle board and that could never be overcome."

After the Frenchman left, the proprietor of the hotel was asked the name of the stranger. He gave it and stated that he was the head engineer of the western division. That did not show much confidence in the ultimate results.

The cars started across the Isthmus, going not over eight miles an hour, passing six engines that had toppled off the track. If any of the rolling stock got off the metals, it was allowed to rest there. No endeavor to replace was made. In fact the whole affair seemed to be a joke. A good healthy hen, if it had scratched over the line of canal would have produced about as much effect.

After this visit, and with knowledge of the various surveys made for many years back, for a waterway between the two oceans, our friend became firm in

his opinion that the Panama route was the worst that could have been selected. The Nicaragua location was far preferable. The experts, in their final report, when the Americans took hold, stated that the Nicaragua passage would cost five millions more than the Panama; but that was based on a cost that has already been exceeded by an astounding figure and the end is still far in the distance. We wanted to get communication between our East and West coasts and should not have gone many hundreds of miles to the southward. Another objection that did not receive attention was the fact that Panama lies in the doldrums, a region that is liable to weeks of calms, and for a sailing vessel to be placed in such a position will be disastrous. But it will be said the sailing vessels are obsolete. That is not the case, for with the rising price of coal and the increasing cost of engineers and firemen, there will be a new era of sailing craft that can be run at a tithe of the cost of steamers. The additional time taken in passage will cut a small figure on bulky freight alongside of the additional rates in steam bottoms. There would be no difficulty on the Atlantic or Pacific regarding wind if the Nicaragua route had been selected.

In due time the steamer arrived in New York harbor, from Colon, and our friend was soon harnessed up to his new duties. He found the business in a worse condition than he anticipated. The patent

on which the trade depended would run out in three years. Nothing was thought out and nothing done for the future. There was only a small putting-together shop for the material, purchased from outside manufacturers. This condition was aggravated by a disloyal, dishonest office force, in connection with a factory force without discipline and in some cases dishonest also. It was a tough position to be thrown in; but with a spirit of determination he buckled down to the job. In time the factory was under complete discipline and as soon as possible the dishonest characters were rooted out; but the principal trouble came from the office. It continued to purchase materials at exorbitant prices and threw every obstacle possible in the way of conducting business properly.

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Why these men were kept on after proof of their dishonesty was known, was beyond the ken of our friend; but the fact remains, that they kept him in hot water for three years. Meanwhile, things were beginning to happen. The costs of material were being reduced immensely through the personal endeavors of our friend, against the clamor of the office. Buildings were started for more room and machinery installed to produce the work economically. The inventive genius of our friend was exercised in the product of patents that staggered the imitators who sprang up rapidly to take advantage of the lapsed original patent. A trademark was adopted and sys-

tematic advertising conducted. The goodwill of the trade was inculcated. This goodwill had been sorely strained by the dogmatic methods of the previous force, and when they had been gotten rid of, our friend collected around him one of the finest body of honest men that ever got together in the interest of any business. It is the firm opinion of our friend that if he had not appeared on the scene when he did, the business would have gone to the dogs; for incapacity was in the saddle and could not have held the trade in a competitive market. The plant was in no condition for a fight and there was no one with sufficient talent to improve the works to the extent necessary. Every day of the previous experience had been preparing our friend for this ordeal. He had studied humanity under all conditions, and had come out schooled in the ways of men. He succeeded because he had learned how. Several times when subjected to the irritating interferences of the old gang, he thought of giving up the fight, but after consideration, he made up his mind that this action would be cowardly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It can be imagined that the strife and turmoil continued for many years had not improved our friend physically. He needed a rest. He sorely missed the fishing and hunting expeditions indulged in during his stay on the Western Coast. It had been a continual grind for over thirteen years without any intermission. Also the export trade needed looking up. It was a negligible quantity as yet, but there were indications that an improvement could be made.

Therefore, passage was engaged on the Hamburg-American steamer *Furst Bismarck* in May, 1895. for Europe. This was the fastest boat at that time on the ocean. It was a stormy passage. The extreme speed of the vessel while plunging in the heavy seas made the many passengers wish they were ashore, but our friend enjoyed the experience. It put him in mind of old times. He was on deck most of the time viewing the tossing waters with great pleasure. All his clothing got full of salt brine that did not improve them much. The spoon drift at times dashed up, descending in the smoke stacks. It was lively and grand. One day at lunch there were only three in the dining hall. One was the captain and one a fellow passenger with our friend. An article of food when started for the mouth was liable to come in contact with the ear or some other part of the anatomy. It was rough. An

officer came down and whispered to the captain who immediately got up and went on deck. Shortly after he left the vessel was going along easily and we finished our meal in comfort. On reaching the deck, our friend found the reason for slowing down the steamer. She had struck a mighty wave that had stove in the forward cabins, flooding them and twisting the heavy boat davits on the port side as though they were made of putty. This and other experiences on steamers caused our friend to form the opinion that no vessel should be driven through seas at a speed of over sixteen knots. In fact, if passengers want comfort, thirteen or fourteen knots should not be exceeded.

One night on the passage when our friend was sleeping in his cabin, he was awakened by a crash and grating sound. The ladies occupying the surrounding cabins began to cry out that the ship was lost and kept up the hubbub until our friend got out of patience. He exclaimed: "Keep quiet! go to sleep" for that was what he wanted to do, well knowing that if any serious damage had been received, the stewards would have notified the passengers. But no, they continued their noisy exclamations, preventing slumber, so he dressed and went out on deck. He found that a French boat loaded with sugar from the West Indies had got out of her reckoning and was lying to with no lights out, in the path of ocean steamers. Our vessel coming

along at twenty-two knots an hour had cut off her bowsprit close up to the craft. Her flying jibboom had gone through a port hole over a sleeping passenger, who sprang out of his berth in consternation, exclaiming that he was killed. The steamer immediately stopped and waited in the black night for the dawn to reveal the action necessary. In the early morning, before objects could be seen definitely, our friend while leaning over the rail, saw the vessel like a mere shadow away off in the distance. The mate came up at that instant and also looked intently at the shadowy object. Our friend remarked that the craft had lost her foretopmast. Afterwards, when light had come, and the vessel was plainly seen without her upper spar, the mate came again and remarked, "How could you tell in the darkness that the mast was carried away?" The reply was that the carrying away of the bowsprit would cause the loss of the headstays, and then the spar would inevitably break off in the heavy sea, for there was nothing to support it. The mate could not follow for he was a steamer sailor and knew nothing about sailing craft.

A boat was lowered and pulled to the bark. The German sailors sounded the pumps and found the craft did not make any water, that she was sound and as good as ever. On returning with the report, they also brought the demand of the French captain and crew that they wanted to be taken off;

that they wanted to give up the ship. They were evidently scared. Therefore, German volunteers were sent aboard and the French crew were taken aboard the steamer. It was amusing to see the transfer of provisions, for the Germans could not use the provisions of the Frenchmen, who also would not feed on stores of the sauerkrauters. The *vin ordinaire*, bread, etc., of the French boat came aboard and sausages, etc., of the Germans went out in return. It was a cowardly surrender of a vessel and its cargo. The steamer waited until the German crew rigged out a spar for the bowsprit, and then sailed away with a big amount of salvage in view.

The first visit was made to study up the requirements of the different countries. Much information was gathered and after two more trips abroad, good agents were appointed, which increased the business very materially. Since then a voyage was made every year to Europe, making up to the present time (1911) sixteen round trips, or thirty-two single trips across the Atlantic. The advantage to the business has been incalculable. The thorough knowledge of the different peoples in France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain, Turkey, Belgium, Roumania, Russia, Denmark, Finland, Norway, Sweden, England, Ireland and Scotland, has been very useful. Their architecture was thoroughly studied and a knowl-

edge of their capacity to assimilate the goods was noted.

The Americans have much to learn from the old countries. While they have been ultra conservative in many ways, kept back by absurd religious dogmas and beliefs, their methods in many other ways are praiseworthy. The politeness is always agreeably noticed. The curtness and in some cases, the incivility of the Americans, could be changed to the European standards with great benefit.

The hardships at times of European travel, the contretemps arising principally from not having a working knowledge of the different tongues, and the irksomeness created through the red tape of officialdom, had better be left to those who have experienced, or to those who will in future travel the road to experience, so they will be left out of this narrative.

There is a type of annoyance, however, that our friend has noticed all over Europe, principally caused, he believes, from government ownership; that is, flat wheels on steam cars formed by the brakes wearing the wheels off from the round. In some cases he has found the wheels almost octagon in shape. The passage of such over the rails causes a thumpity-thump motion that is exquisite torture. Why the authorities allow them to remain smashing down the roadbed, is beyond the ken of anybody except a government official. On one

journey from Trieste to Budapest which occupied twelve hours of intensely hot weather, these flat wheels were in evidence. They got on his nerves. They were enough to change a Christian into a cannibal. While sweltering in the heat and covered with thick dust, he determined to do something desperate when he arrived in the hotel. Therefore, after a bath and a good dinner, he, like *Silas Wegg*, dropped into poetry and produced the following atrocity:

Creeping out the *bahnhof*, clean and gay,
 Passing houses, rear in view,
 Away from man's laborious day,
 Into the glorious country,
 Wheel flat on the right, wheel flat on the left,
 We went pound, pounding on the rail.
 Past villages, red tiled in the vale,
 Villas on the steeps,
 Thump, thumping on the rail.
 What ho! man striking a woman,
 Rock intervening? No, only kissing of her.
 Throb, throbbing on the rail.
 Past mountains high, valleys deep,
 Bump, bumping on the rail.
 Into the *bahnhof* gliding, weary, dirty, happy,
 No more to hear hump, humping on the rail.

As poetry it is abominable; but no worse than he felt while being tortured. So please accept it in lieu of profanity, which would be natural under the circumstances.

THE END.

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